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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE YOUNG MEN OF FRANCE

L'Opinion recently addressed the following questions to a number of representative young Frenchmen, mostly officers of student organizations and similar societies: —

What is the attitude of our young people toward economic, intellectual, and political problems?

Have they principles, an ideal, positive and definite purposes? What are these? Is it not to be feared that their interest in higher things will be sacrificed to their absorption in material pursuits?

Lastly, what are we to hope from them, and in what degree should we encourage or discourage them in their present tendencies?

Only a few of the replies have been published to date. The President of the Scientific Section of the Students' General Association writes: —

A majority are interested in social questions in their immediate and practical aspects, rather than their theoretical phases. Our young people no longer exhibit the taste for material pleasures that was so prominent and so natural immediately after the war. They are again absorbed in intellectual pursuits. . . . To be frank, they are not inclined to purely speculative interests. They do not become absorbed in metaphysical systems. They rather show a tendency toward the sentimental and mystical side of life in the larger sense of the word. . . .

Material hardships are not interfering with the development of our young men as much as might be feared; but they none the less leave their mark upon the present student generation. Our university men are no longer the sons of old families and wealthy idlers who have come to the Latin Quarter to amuse themselves under the pretext of studying letters or law. They are hard workers and economizers.

Two normal-school students, evidently Catholics, replied anonymously that of the two hundred students in their institution about fifty were professing Catholics who belonged to the local Church Society, but did not formally espouse any political programme. Three or four of them were Monarchists, but a majority favored the existing form of government and believed that social problems should take precedence over political problems. About fifty of the students were Socialists. These were divided in their allegiance between the Conservative and Communist wings of their party. There was a small, so-called 'Christian' or Protestant group, some members of which had 'a very intense spiritual life.' The remainder of the students — some one half of the total — were colorless in both religion and politics.

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The Catholics find no leader among modern thinkers whom all are willing to follow. Protestants and Catholics are on the best of terms; while at the other extreme of the student body the Communists and the more conservative Socialists have little to do with each other. Upon one issue the whole student body is a unit. They are pronounced antimilitarists. 'They do not lack patriotism, but their dislike of the army decidedly dominates all other sentiments.'

A student of philosophy in the Institution of Sainte-Marie-de-Monceau writes that his school associates are particularly interested in current economic problems.

They show a decided taste for topics that have to do with trade and commerce, and associated subjects: the merchant marine, our colonies, manufactures, agriculture. This interest is practically universal. All show great eagerness to enter business pursuits.

According to this informant, literature, painting, and sculpture are largely abandoned. Young men are interested in what they consider practical careers.

Another group of replies comes from young people associated with political movements and societies. One of these represents an association of students who advocate the referendum and legislation by popular vote. The members wish 'to reduce to a minimum the evils of parliamentarism and party government.'

The general secretary of the National Federation of Young Socialist Guards describes the objects of his society as follows: —

1. The physical, intellectual, and moral education of the proletariat.
2. Socialist propaganda among young people.
3. A war against war.
4. Social-welfare legislation for the protection of young workers.

The President of the 'Young Republic Students' Society' introduces his reply by saying that the young men of to-day 'despise politics and distrust fine words.' They are disgusted because the leaders of the nations that won the war have played false to the ideals to which they appealed while the war was in progress, and have betrayed them in practice.

However, an ideal is not a chimera, nor does it produce evil and weakness because weak and timid people, who ought to carry it forward to victory, desert it under the pretext of practical necessity in the hour of triumph.

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OUR NAVAL MISSION TO BRAZIL

COMMENTING upon the announcement that the Brazilian Government has decided to make a contract with the United States for the creation of an American Naval Mission, the London *Times* says: —

It would be idle to suppose that this decision had not caused the keenest disappointment among British interests in Brazil, because, with the precedent of a French Military Mission already in the country, the great commercial advantages accruing to the Power which finds itself in this favored position are obvious to the most casual observer. Besides, with the reductions in British naval estimates and consequent forced retirement of many valued and experienced naval officers, it was felt that if the new naval mission to Brazil were to be of British origin, the very best personnel would be available for its composition.

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A MANDATE JURISDICTION TILT

DURING the recent session of the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, a sharp issue was raised with regard to the extent of authority the League can exercise over the mandates it has granted. The representatives of

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Australia and New Zealand vigorously resented the cross-questioning to which they were subjected by the League Mandates Commission, regarding certain details of their administration of the South Pacific Islands. Sir F. Bell, speaking for New Zealand, said: —

The New Zealand Parliament has legislated for Western Samoa, and its administration of Western Samoa is in pursuance of that legislation. New Zealand is under an honorable obligation to legislate and administer in accordance with the terms and intent of the Covenant of the League. She is bound to report annually to the League Council. She is willing and anxious to receive suggestions and advice from either the Permanent Mandates Commission or the League Council, but she cannot admit that the Permanent Commission has power to interpret for her the meaning of the Covenant or to dictate to her what procedure she should adopt in her endeavors to perform her duties to the League.

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GERMAN SOCIALISTS UNITE

THE reunion of the Majority and Independent Socialists in Germany, recently accomplished at the Nuremberg Conference, brings together again men who stood shoulder to shoulder until the Independents broke away from their former comrades in 1915, on account of their opposition to the war. This enables the less radical elements among the German Socialists to present a solid front to the Communists, who have accepted the supremacy of Moscow. The Rathenau murder hastened this reconciliation; but it was likely to occur sooner or later in any case, under the compulsion of events.

The Majority Socialist Party recovers through this union several of the strongest men among Germany's liberal and radical thinkers. Eduard Bernstein, one of the Nestors of the Party, who has now practically retired from active public life, some time ago returned to the Majority ranks after working with the Independents during the latter part of the war and the earlier days of the Revolution. The united group will prove a formidable element in Parliament, as it numbers 179 deputies and will possibly be strengthened at the next elections.

The Independent Party had been in a precarious condition for some time, its sixty deputies in the Reichstag having become practically an officers' corps without troops. The rank and file of the voters appear to be thoroughly tired of the divisions among their leaders, and both the Independents and the Majority Socialists have lost votes for this reason. One effect of the compromise may be to facilitate coöperation between the Socialists and the Liberal and Radical groups of the non-Socialist parties.

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BULGARIA AND THE TURKISH SETTLEMENT

No country, if we except Turkey and Greece, is more directly interested in the arrangements to be made regarding Thrace, than is Bulgaria. Turkey's claim to Eastern Thrace, it is now understood, will be recognized; but the status of Western Thrace, which belonged to Bulgaria from 1916 to 1920, is still in doubt. It is not a particularly rich district, nor is the population predominantly Bulgarian. But through it lies Bulgaria's only outlet to the Ægean Sea.

The right to such an outlet was expressly recognized in the Treaty of Neuilly, which deprived Bulgaria of Western Thrace, and was subsequently confirmed by a separate understanding with that country. In practice, however, this promise was not fulfilled. The Greeks made it practically impossible for Bulgarian passengers and freight to travel over the railway down the

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Maritsa Valley, which forms the only modern route of communication between Bulgaria and the Ægean.

Professor Toynbee, a recognized authority on Near Eastern questions, believes that the right solution would be to place Western Thrace and its ports under the same régime as Danzig, with an autonomous government controlled by a High Commissioner appointed by the League of Nations, and with guaranteed free transit for all the neighboring states. This solution would also have the substantial advantage of eliminating a land frontier between Turkey and Greece.

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BRITISH SPINNERS AND TARIFF WALLS

THESE are disquieting days, not only for the Manchester Free Trade School, but for the great industry of which Manchester has been the traditional spokesman. British spinners are not only worried over their cotton supply, which threatens to be seriously curtailed by the boll weevil and the growing demands of spinners in other countries, but also by prospective tariff walls around some of their best markets.

North England has watched with concern the progress of our own tariff bill and has hoped against hope that it would fail of passage, or at least be radically modified before adoption. Now India comes forward with a proposal that runs parallel with our own legislation. A commission appointed by the Government last year to examine the tariff policy of that country has recently reported, after a careful analysis of the probable gain and loss of a protective tariff: —

> The industrial development of India needs the stimulus of protective duties, precautions against dumping, abuse of exchange depreciation, and any system of export bounties enjoyed by foreign exporters.
>
> The Indian cotton excise duty — which reduces the protection enjoyed by the Indian cotton manufacturer — is unreservedly condemned, and the British Government is urged to announce its intention of allowing the Government of India, in agreement with the Indian Legislature, to decide what action should be taken. The Government of India and the Legislature should then begin with a clean slate and take such measures as the interests of India require.
>
> Export duties should not be used for protective purposes, and should be imposed for revenue purposes with caution.
>
> Any general system of Imperial preference would involve a burden that it would not be reasonable for India to shoulder, but India may be able in certain cases to grant preferences which would assist British industries and would not cause appreciable loss to India.

Naturally the adoption of this report is not tantamount to its embodiment in legislation. British spinners, however, view the possibilities seriously and are inclined to criticize the British Government for giving India the authority to levy a protective tariff under the recent Government of India Act. An English cotton merchant, who had just returned from India, stated to a representative of the *Manchester Guardian:* —

> The people there are overwhelmingly in favor of protection, not only because they believe it will be a good thing for India, but because they have a strong desire to give this country 'one in the eye.'

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PAPER-MONEY DISTRESS

THE painful effects of currency inflation in Central Europe have been dwelt upon so often that the subject would long since have become threadbare were it not so closely associated with a poignant and still continuing human tragedy; and were it not also a lesson in elementary economics that some theorists in our own country seem not

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yet to have learned. The European and British press of all complexions, from the radical Socialist journals to the ultraconservative defenders of ancient institutions, agree as to these evils.

An old friend in Berlin recently remarked to the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph:* 'Last year we ate our grand piano. This year we are eating our Turkish carpets. Next year we shall have to eat our house.' This gentleman, a retired physician of advanced years, who is an invalid, had an income from securities of about 24,000 marks or six thousand dollars a year when the war broke out. He lived in a comfortable suburban villa, kept two or three servants, owned a small motor-car, and took an annual holiday on the Mediterranean. To-day this income, though nominally the same as before the war, is about the price of a good suit of clothes.

An elderly acquaintance of the same correspondent was retired shortly before the war on a pension of 100 marks a month by the firm in whose office he had been employed for a lifetime. This pension was at that time enough to support him during his old age. To-day its purchasing power is ten eggs, or four pounds of flour, or two pounds of sugar, or one pound of the poorest soup-meat.

Naturally the casual foreigner who comes to Germany on business or pleasure sees nothing of this hideous tragedy, though its victims number hundreds of thousands. Nor is this distress confined entirely to the middle classes. While the organized trades have been able to maintain rates of wages at something like a third of their level before the war, which at least staves off actual starvation, unorganized workers often receive a pittance that would have been scorned by a Chinese coolie ten years ago, and is but a fraction of what the latter receives to-day.

A German correspondent of the London *Outlook* relates a conversation with a bureau chief in the Foreign Office at Berlin, who told him that his salary was forty thousand marks a year, or less than one hundred dollars in American currency at what was then the current rate of exchange. He was living in one room in a slum. By taking two meals a day in a third-class restaurant, by neither drinking nor smoking, and by never purchasing new clothes, he just contrived to live. He was not running into debt, because no one would give him credit.

The effect of the decline of the middle classes is far-reaching and is reflected even in the theatre. Without a government subsidy it is now practically impossible to play Goethe or Shakespeare in Germany, because the cultivated section of the people, which formerly provided an eager and intelligent public for the classics, has no money for theatregoing. Those who have made money by the war have little taste except for the grossest and most sensational stage-performances.

When the ultimate collapse comes, as it probably will, the agricultural and pastoral districts will suffer least, as they can live, after a fashion, by a system of barter impossible for the industrial population. In Bavaria, even now, peasants are putting their savings into English currency notes. *Die Wage*, a Vienna weekly, describes the operations of an inventive citizen of Vienna who has discovered a way to make money by pawning his possessions. Some three months ago, for instance, he pledged a gold watch at the Dorotheum for a loan of 60 thousand kronen. He invested this money in four pair of shoes at 15 thousand kronen each. He wore one pair and kept the rest, which he sold a few weeks later for 100 thousand kronen. With this money he redeemed his watch and paid the interest on his loan, making a profit of

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34 thousand kronen and one pair of shoes.

Professor Hermann Levi discusses in *Weltwirtschaftszeitung* what will happen when prices are deflated. Such a movement is bound to be undesirably abrupt. Probably prices will fall, at a time when the purchasing power of the mark is rising, in which case there will be a prompt revival of home consumption. At present the people are ill clad, ill shod, and making shift with things left over from more prosperous days; so rising consumption will probably act as a cushion to check the violence of the shock.

Overcapitalization resulting from inflation presents a more serious problem. Retailers will lose heavily in disposing of their dearly bought stocks. Great corporations have for the most part taken time by the forelock and written off a large part of their capital. During the deflation of wages, this writer says:—

> It is of supreme importance that the reductions inseparable from deflation should be presented to the common people in their true light, as a purely economic phenomenon, and not as assaults on Labor. The Government should exert itself to the utmost to din this truth betimes into the minds of the people.

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MINOR NOTES

Nowhere in France, not even in Paris, is credit employed appreciably in ordinary business transactions. Weekly accounts are practically unknown, and purchasers are ordinarily expected to pay for goods when they receive them. Even professional men's payments are usually in cash. Little use is made of check books; indeed, no married woman may use a check book of her own without the endorsement of her husband's signature on every check. Many men doing a large business keep no open account, and oftentimes will refuse to accept checks even from the tenants of their properties. Before the war — conditions may have changed since — banks, in order to attract deposits, paid what seemed to Americans extraordinarily high rates of interest — in good times as much as four per cent.

In the midst of the excitement over the situation in Asia Minor, the recent disorders in Bulgaria attracted little attention. Apparently they were the aftermath of the conditions described in the *Living Age* of June 10. An opposition group of conservative or reactionary politicians attempted to seize power with the aid of refugees from Wrangel's army, who, with certain disaffected local elements, were organized on fascisti lines. The result was two attempts to overthrow the Government, the last one at Sofia itself, which was only suppressed at the cost of some fifty lives. Stambuliskii, the present Premier, who was at Geneva attending the League of Nations Assembly, denied that Socialists or Communists were concerned in the plot, and characterized it as entirely 'reactionary' in conception and execution.

The English firm of Pearson and Son has just taken a contract amounting to between fifteen and twenty million dollars, for the construction of immense irrigation-works in the Egyptian Sudan, to bring under water land that will be used principally for raising cotton. The immediate area to be ditched is 30,000 acres, of which one third will be constantly under cotton, one third under forage crops, and one third lying fallow. When the entire chain of dams is completed, which will be in the summer of 1925, this acreage will be increased approximately tenfold.

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THE AMERICAN STANDPOINT

From the *Round Table, September*
(London Liberal Foreign-affairs Quarterly)

In estimating the probable attitude of any country to external problems, it is seldom a good thing to take too much account of the ephemeral currents of opinion at the moment. It is the duty of the diplomat and practical politician to do this; the philosophic writer is entitled to take a longer view. It is his business to estimate the fundamental ideas upon which the political life of a country is based, and the traditions and geographical and other conditions which have shaped the national policy over a long period of time. It is these, in America as elsewhere, which determine action in the long run, and which it is most important to appraise rightly.

There is one great difference between the outlook of Europe and America which should be noted from the outset, for it colors nearly everything else. Every European tends to look backward. He is born into a nationality, which has a strongly marked racial individuality, which has a long history, usually of conquest or repression, and which seems destined to an apparently eternal struggle for existence or for supremacy with hostile neighbors. He has no sense of being a European except in a purely geographical way, until he goes abroad. He is a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, and so forth, and his outlook on international affairs is primarily concerned with the future freedom and success of the national entity to which he belongs in the eternal struggle of the European States for place and power.

The American is entirely different. He will recognize — some Americans with pride, some Americans with indifference, or even dislike — that his ancestors came from England, or Ireland, or Scandinavia, or Germany, or Russia, or Italy. But that makes little practical difference. To-day he is an American; and to be an American is not something racial or national as it is understood in Europe, but is to live in a new and better world than Europe and to have a certain kind of forward-looking outlook on life.

Somebody has described the people of the United States as a nation of international orphans. By this he meant that America, as an entity, has no historical past, reaching back into the mists of antiquity, as have most European peoples. America came into being in 1776. She is, as a nation, utterly unconcerned with anything that happened before that date. She was born to repudiate certain political dogmas and all organic connection with the Old World, and to demonstrate and maintain the ideas of freedom and government embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; and she has been almost wholly concerned ever since with the application of these ideas to the needs of the rapidly expanding area of the United States, and its rapidly growing population.

Further, throughout its history the United States has had no foreign problems to embarrass it. Its only neighbor was the British Empire, which, after 1783, entirely accepted American independence and, after 1823, was an active supporter of the Monroe Doctrine, that there should be no more European intervention on the two American continents. America, therefore, has never had to consider her own

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future in terms of rivalry with, or fear of, other nations. Having made a fresh start in a new world, she has been able to pursue her way according to her own ideas regardless of what the rest of the peoples of the globes were doing.

This orphanhood of America may have had certain cultural disadvantages, in so far as it tended to cut her off mentally from the great literary and artistic heritages of Greece and Rome and Europe. But it had three supreme advantages. It freed America from the ancient and deep-rooted hates and grudges which estrange and embitter and paralyze the peoples of Europe. It started America without the class and social distinctions which have been so long a hindrance to England, and without the military and diplomatic traditions which are the bane of the Continent. And it left Christianity without a rival as the dominant moral and spiritual appeal in her life. Modern Europe is the child of the Renaissance, modern America of the Reformation.

The spirit of America, in consequence, is different from that of any European people. It can best be judged, perhaps, by considering what thinking Americans mean when they talk of Americanism as the gospel which has somehow to be instilled into the immigrant if he is to be worthy of his citizenship.

Americanism means that you accept absolutely the view that all men are by nature equal; that everybody should have free opportunity and should be judged by the use he makes of that opportunity, and not by any social, economic, racial, official, or hereditary privilege; that it is the American people and not the abstract entity called 'America' that matters; that government should be democratic in the sense that it must be conducted with the consent of all the governed; and that the future depends upon the vigor and initiative and ability with which the individual citizens 'make good' in their chosen sphere of life, and are 'good citizens' in their social and political activities.

To the European, America often seems to permit outrages on personal liberty which would not be tolerated in other lands. This is true, but on examination it will be found that it is the defect of a quality. Europeans resent State interference largely because the State, for historical or class reasons, seems something apart from themselves. In America the prevailing sentiment is that the will of the people must govern, even where it is intolerant and unreasonable, and that no claims of individual liberty can be allowed to stand in its way.

This spirit, born in the fresh air of the New World, strengthened in the struggle for independence from British control, and developed by the Civil War, has been intensified by the fact that during the past fifty years America has again become a nation of pioneers — pioneers from the Eastern States, starting off to colonize and build up the vast undeveloped West; pioneers from Europe who left all to make a fresh start in a new land. This spirit is to-day the great energizing, creative, and assimilating force in America. It has made America what she is. And when it really begins to turn outward, it will be, perhaps, America's greatest contribution to the solution of the world problem.

Its buoyancy, its energy, its self-reliance, its absolute faith in the possibility of the progressive improvement and upbuilding of mankind, its rejection of authority and privilege and the enervating and cloying traditions of the past, and its profound belief in the gradual healing efficacy of equality and education and democracy, and its confidence that no problem, national or

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international, however difficult, is insoluble to reason and energy and common sense, are just what the tired and disheartened Old World needs to-day.

It is easy, of course, to point to countless lapses in modern America from these ideals. The cynic would find it easy to tear these statements to shreds and tatters. Nobody can fail to be impressed with the violence and intolerance of public opinion, and the way in which it is swept by waves of mass feeling unchecked by serious individual thinking. But when all is said and done about the degeneracy of much in the United States to-day, it is none the less true that in America has been brought into being a spirit which previously had existed nowhere else, and which, if it can be translated into international terms, is the principal hope of the future.

Without America the probability of Europe pulling itself straight, or of Asia or Africa lifting themselves on to a law-abiding, self-governing, and peace-loving basis, would be small indeed. The fact that she has been able to absorb tens of millions of Europeans, free them from race hatred, from subservience, from social limitation, and turn them into good American citizens, devoted to American ideas, hard-working, prosperous, self-respecting, is some indication of what this same spirit will be able to do when it gets abroad in the world.

If American coöperation in international affairs is to be secured, it will only be because the ideal set up is such as will commend itself to this fundamental American point of view. Most nations are involved in international problems whether they want it or not. They are surrounded by contiguous neighbors, more or less like themselves, and their vital interests are inseparably bound up with the policy and actions of those neighbors. America is not so placed. To all intents and purposes she has no neighbors. Whatever may be the position in the future, she is to-day nearly self-supporting. The only reasons which will drive her to take part in international affairs will be that she thinks that it will be to her own advantage, or that she ought to do so.

Up to the present America has had no world policy. The nearest thing to such a policy was formulated by ex-President Wilson in his addresses between the date when the United States entered the war, April 2, 1917, and the signing of the Covenant of the League of Nations on June 30, 1919. But these, while containing general ideas to which American public opinion gave hearty assent at the time, were too closely associated with the European issues at stake in the World War, and early became too intertwined with the internal party politics which led to the rejection of the League of Nations, to serve as the text for American policy. Washington's warning against entangling alliances and the Monroe Doctrine, — the broad idea that it is America's business to build up a better civilization than Europe's, as a model to mankind, rather than to exhaust herself in trying to put the Old World straight, — these still hold the field as the primary elements in America's external outlook.

Judging, however, from the fundamental American point of view, it is not difficult to see the kind of ideal for which America would stand. To the American spirit the future of the world can only lie in the progressive realization of equality, higher civilization, and democracy among all peoples. The idea of the government of one people by another is deeply repugnant to the American mind. Patent necessity alone can justify it; and even so it is viewed with suspicion and dislike as being contrary to the instinct that every man

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ought to be master of his own fate, and that it is usually better for him to get into and out of trouble for himself than to be guided and kept out of it by another.

If America is ever to throw herself into the task of international coöperation, it will be because she sees that there is a practicable way of equalizing nations, pacifying their quarrels, ending imperialism, uplifting backward races to the level of independent civilized self-government, and so of producing a peaceful, prosperous, progressive world of peoples united in friendly relations, in which law reigns and war has no longer a place. America had some such vision when she entered the war. But the spectacle of the apparently ineradicable hatreds and intrigues of Europe, coupled with a largely partisan political appeal to narrow self-interest, especially directed to her less enlightened citizens, has clouded that vision, so that to-day idealism is blindfold and selfishness is in the saddle. But the idealism is latent. It has only to be focused in a practical direction to begin to operate once more.

But America will always dislike active intervention in other nations' affairs as a means of bringing into being a new and better world. Her whole tradition of independence is against allowing any outside authority to interfere with her own complete freedom of choice. She is inveterately antimilitarist. She will recoil vehemently from any proposal that looks like the creation of a super-State. She will rely primarily on influence, argument, and example to bring wisdom and order into international affairs.

There is already a school of opinion that thinks that the United States is too unwieldy, that despite modern means of communication it is almost impossible for public opinion to be effectively reached or to make itself felt, except on a very few of the most obvious issues of the time. Moreover, it is clear that the present machinery of democracy has been stretched to the limit in the greater States. A parliament of man on present parliamentary lines is a manifest impossibility. The population of the globe is about 2,000,000,000, and a world assembly would consist of some 20,000 delegates if there was only one member for every 100,000 voters.

Whatever the far future may bring forth, progress for the moment, at any rate so far as America is concerned, must be by way of the increasing association of the leading Powers in maintaining conditions under which it is possible for every nation and people to work out their own salvation in their own way, subject to their respecting the right of all their neighbors to do the same.

But if the United States has within itself a spirit and many of the ideas which are vital to international reconstruction and peace, it has one supreme defect. It is extraordinarily self-centred, as a nation. America has very little sense of the brotherhood of nations. Her people have a strong humanitarian sense, which finds expression in the constant and generous works of relief and missionary enterprise which they finance. She has a strong instinct for social reform, which is not only manifest within her own borders, but which extends to many subjects such as the opium traffic in the international field. But she does not understand that in a world of nations it is her action, as a nation, which matters, and is vital to the promotion of that world progress and world peace which she really has at heart.

America does not feel herself consciously a member of the great family of nations. Her instinct is to lay stress on the importance of independence and

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self-government and to pay little attention to the necessary complement, the means of maintaining peace and coöperation between these separate entities. A perusal of the debates in the Senate on such matters as the tariff, the Panama Tolls Bill, the Shipping Subsidies Bill, or Interallied debts — all matters which affect other nations very closely — shows that the idea that the United States has to take into account the effect of its actions on other nations hardly ever emerges.

America may decide on a generous or a selfish policy, but that is purely her own concern. She is clearly entitled to do exactly as she likes without consulting anybody else, or trying to meet their views. In the international sense she is not a good neighbor, or a good citizen. President Wilson's action in starting to negotiate the terms of an armistice with the Germans without any consultation with the Allies who were principally concerned was doubtless typical of the ex-President himself, but it was also typical of the general attitude of America in her relation to the outside world.

America, in fact, has got, in a much less malignant but still in a very definite form, the same disease of national selfishness which, as we shall see, is the principal cause of Europe's troubles, the greatest breeder of wars, and the chief impediment along the road of world liberty and world peace. It is this concentration on itself which explains why it took the United States so long to realize that the Great War was a world question, and not merely a European question. And it explains why, after the United States had reversed its traditions, and entered effectively into the war, it suddenly turned round, within a year, and blasted the best hopes of European reconstruction and world peace by deserting the councils of the Allies, where its moderating and inspiring presence was of priceless value, and retired once more within its own shell. It could not have done this if it had understood or thought at all about what its action was going to cost its neighbors. It must have been thinking about itself alone.

It is not difficult to see the causes of this attitude. There is first of all the great historical tradition in favor of isolation. It began with Washington, who warned his countrymen against the perils of entangling alliances. At the time Washington was perfectly right. The United States would never have become what it is if, during the formative period, it had exhausted itself and probably strained its Constitution by becoming involved in foreign wars. But the doctrine is absurd now that the United States has become the richest and most powerful State in the world.

The tendency to isolation, however, has another historical foundation. The whole early history of the United States stressed the ideas of independence and State rights as opposed to the ideas of unity and coöperation. It was this feeling for separateness, originating in the Puritan settlements, and in itself common in new lands, which presented the greatest obstacle to the formation of the Union itself, and which, when combined with the slavery issue, cost the people a five years' war and a million lives to preserve the Union. It is this same feeling to-day which blinds them to the fact that wars can be prevented and liberty assured only by the active coöperation of the United States with other progressive Powers.

The second great bulwark of the isolation policy is the immense mass of only partially assimilated foreign-born immigrants. These immigrants, for the most part enthusiastic Americans, have absorbed far more of the letter than of the spirit of the founders of America and of its Constitution. They do not

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yet understand the underlying ideas which are commonplaces to the true American. Yet they have votes, and the politician knows how to appeal to get them.

Their presence operates in two ways. It increases the hesitation of the better-class American to get mixed up with European questions, lest divisions might be caused inside the United States if its Government began to take sides as between the various nationalities of Europe. And it adds enormously to the numbers of those who want America to live unto herself alone. The immigrants feel that they have left the old bad Europe, and they can see no reason why their new free motherland should get mixed up with the evils they themselves have escaped.

The greatest obstacle to the internal progress of America to-day is the power of the low-class politician to organize votes in racial blocs or by narrow and unworthy appeals. And the greatest obstacle to America's taking an effective part in the world's affairs is the power of that same politician to appeal to narrow and short-sighted American self-interest or antiforeign prejudice.

Two other influences must be mentioned. One is the gigantic size of America. It is 3000 miles across, and the majority of the 110,000,000 people who dwell within it live between the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains, absorbed in the business of raising crops or manufacturing for their own needs and without any direct contact with the outside world. To these people the rest of the world is extraordinarily remote, and it is very difficult for them to realize that they belong to it or have any concern with its affairs.

The other influence is the feeling, already noticed, that it is America's business to show the rest of the world a progressively improving example of how a people can live happily and prosperously rather than to go crusading to help other nations in distress. And this feeling has been intensified by the spectacle of Europe since the war. If many Americans have felt acutely that the United States should take a hand in the work of reconstruction, they have also felt that the greatest necessity of all is that the nations of Europe should themselves begin to show some sense of European community, and not try to make America take sides in their own internal quarrels.

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AT THE LEAGUE ASSEMBLY

[The two sketches of the Third Assembly of the League of Nations, which has been in session at Geneva, are from an English and a Swiss source respectively. The first is by C. Lowes Dickinson, and appeared in the Manchester Guardian *of September 14. The second is from an unsigned article in the* Neue Zürcher Zeitung *of September 17.]*

I

A DAY of rest, after a hectic week, invites some attempt to gather together one's impression of what the League of Nations really amounts to. This is not best to be discovered from the first formal meetings of the Assembly, devoted to what is supposed to be a discussion of the Council's report on the work of the past year but is really rather a platform for the delegates to express their general attitude.

What was interesting in this discussion was what seemed to be an attempt on the part of the more keen and eager members to claim for the Assembly a larger share in that task of reconstruction for which the world is waiting in vain. Lord Robert Cecil, M. Motta, of Switzerland, Doctor Nansen, and the surprisingly eloquent and attractive delegate from Haiti, all took this note. 'The League,' said Lord Robert, 'must be all or nothing.' Whereon fell, like a gentle rain from heaven or the other place, M. Hanotaux's interpretation. The phrase, he said, really means 'Nothing excessive.'

It is when one gets to the Secretariat, attends committees, and talks to the permanent staff, that one begins to feel that something very important is going on. For in the committees the questions are handled that the Assembly can only debate, and the work of the committees is prepared and carried on by the very able young men who fill the Hôtel des Nations. I desire to repeat the word 'young.' Since the war I have waited, as it seemed in vain, for youth to take in hand the affairs of a distracted world ruined by old age. In the Secretariat of the League I seem to have found it.

True, all that is most immediately urgent and important is removed from the control of the League and reserved for those Governments, acting on their old maxims, who have landed us in the imminent peril in which we now stand. It is they who, by their treatment of the Reparations question, have brought Europe to the verge of economic collapse, they who have egged on the combatants in Turkey, they who maintain the atmosphere and feeling of war in a world craving for peace.

But though that is so, and though it may be that this work of the League is but the decoration of the saloon of a sinking ship, yet it deserves much fuller recognition than the public has given it. For it is the one and only hope of a distracted world. It embodies a new principle of action. And that principle is making itself good; much as the ethics of the New Testament, on the rare — all too rare — occasions when they are applied, astonish men by the simplicity and the triumph of their results.

The principle is the very simple one of getting the representatives of different nations to sit round a table, in the light of publicity. The men are not exceptionally good, nor their motives exceptionally high. But the egoism of

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one State is corrected by what, in that particular question, is the impartial judgment of another. A common purpose, bent on doing the thing justly and properly, grows up. There are views that cannot be avowed, conduct that cannot be maintained. The average best comes to the surface, instead of the particular worst. And men work, not indeed like angels, nor in perfection, but with that measure of decency which, after all, most men want to maintain, everywhere except where self-interest becomes too strong for them.

Let us take, as examples, two questions which have fallen in the last year within the province of the League. One concerns the treatment of German minorities in Poland. This is a question with a long history. Before the war the Germans were bent on colonizing their Poland with Germans, and the Poles on frustrating that endeavor with all the powers at their command. Now that German Poland is Polish, it would be expecting of human nature more than is reasonable if there were not attempts at retaliation.

The question, like most questions when one goes into them, is one of great complexity, legal and other. But the point to which I wish to draw attention is that, although Germany is not a member of the League, and is not therefore directly represented on the Council which deals with this question, her claims and interests have not been, as they so easily might be, brushed aside. The report issued by M. de Gama, President of the Council, gives what appears to be an admirably impartial survey of the issues, states the German and Polish points of view, and suggests the reference of the disputed questions to a judicial commission, representative of Spain, France, and Britain. This report the Council has adopted.

The other matter illustrating the methods and importance of the League is that of mandated territories. This is a most interesting and important question. For it is the beginning, though only the beginning, of the introduction into the colonial régime of common principles of administration controlled by the best public opinion of Europe. How much this is needed and how much it may accomplish will be realized by anyone who remembers the Congo atrocities, the Matabele wars, and the many other blots upon the intercourse of the white man with the black.

The mandatory system is applied, at present, only to the colonies taken from Germany. It is no use complaining of this fact, which, however, is bound to result in many anomalies, such, for example, as the conscription of natives in one sort of colony and its prohibition in another. The point of interest is that the new régime seems likely to prove of such value and efficiency that it may become increasingly desirable to extend it by degrees to all colonial domains.

The Mandates Commission, which sits annually before the meeting of the Assembly, has begun its work with conscientious thoroughness. It has drawn up questionnaires defining the points on which it wishes for information from the mandatory Powers in their annual reports — such as slavery, labor conditions, the liquor traffic, military and police, land tenure, education, public health, and that provision for economic equality which is binding upon the mandatories so far as the A and B mandates are concerned. In this way, not only will constant information be available, but any abuses or suspected abuses will be inquired into and commented on by the representatives of other Powers than the one concerned, acting without temptation to

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conceal the facts. In the preparation of its report the Commission is assisted by the presence of representatives of the Governments concerned in the administration, and can thus ascertain and test the facts by the method of question and answer. The report for this year, which lies before me, contains one hundred pages, and is packed with interesting and important matter.

There is one question in particular, small in itself but of interest to the British Empire, to which it may be worth while to refer more particularly. It is the administration of the island of Nauru, for which the British Empire has the mandate. The Mandates Commission expressed some anxiety that the interests of the natives might be subordinated to the exploitation of the potassium which is the principal product of the island, and doubted whether the mandatory Power, by reserving the ownership and exclusive exploitation of the resources of the territory to itself, has brought its policy into true harmony with the requirements of the mandate. The representative of Australia responsible for the administration of the mandate has issued a reply intended to reassure the Commission and the public. There is not space here to discuss the question. But what is interesting is the fact that the mandatory system has led to this public comment and investigation.

Another important matter concerning the British Empire — the expedition against the natives of Southwest Africa — occurred after the drafting of the Commission's report. It has been referred to in the Assembly, which has decided to await the report of the South African Government. With regard to this, it may be noted that a small deputation here to Sir Edgar Walton suggested the inclusion in the South African committee of inquiry of some person appointed by the League of Nations, which is responsible ultimately for the good administration of the territory. General Smuts, himself the reputed author of the mandates clauses of the Covenant, is not likely to be indifferent to this important issue.

The matters above referred to are taken only as illustrations of the kind of work that is being done by the League. Many other subjects might be dealt with, such as the traffic in women and children, public health, the repatriation of prisoners of war, and the salaries of judges of the Court of International Justice.

The League, in short, is not a mere meeting, coming into a kind of meteoric life for one month every year, and then retiring into nonexistence. It is a permanently working international organization whose Secretariat is continually active on very important questions. It is like a little new living body, tentatively and hazardously trying to unite, for common purposes, those great and dangerous leviathans we call States. It makes no direct attack upon these States. Formally, it is merely they themselves, acting in a new coöperation. There is not, therefore, really any antagonism between them and it, and no patriot need fear to support the League.

What has really happened is that the old method by which States have carried on their business diplomacy and armaments has brought the world to the verge of destruction. Either the League will grow, flourish, annex to itself the States still outstanding, and gradually become, in Lord Robert Cecil's phrase, 'everything,' or, under the old methods, the antagonisms of States will revive, the latest tools of a science indifferent to human life will be put at their disposal, and new wars will end the experiment of mankind upon the planet.

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It is really in these terms that the present situation should be envisaged. Men are capable of either course. One might truly say that the same men are capable of either course. For take the most impenitent jingo and put him to work on a committee of the League, and he will acquire a new outlook and purpose. In its detailed work the League must always be technical, and to outsiders unattractive. But in its essence it is what can save mankind, and perhaps the only thing that can save it. It is for that reason that it demands of every good citizen some effort of attention and comprehension.

II

WHAT is your opinion of the Third League of Nations Assembly? Easier asked than answered. One thing is sure — the League is in the midst of its evolution; therefore it is difficult to describe. Sinews and muscles are gradually forming over the skeleton of the Covenant, but they have not yet knit into an organic whole. Hitherto the League's growth has been too erratic and unequal for that. Accordingly one's impression varies as he studies each aspect of its work.

Relations between the Council and the Assembly are better than even enthusiasts anticipated. Naturally the Council exercises a powerful influence over the other body, but this is because its members are also Assembly delegates and take an active part in its proceedings. Indeed they largely guide those proceedings, with the result that the Assembly has had no occasion to appoint independent leaders who otherwise might assume the functions of cabinet ministers and come in conflict with the Council itself. However, following the precedent of the British Lower House, this body seems gradually to be getting control of the finances of the League.

The Assembly's methods of procedure are open to criticism. Aware that it is created out of nothing and returns to nothing when the session is over, it tries to settle as many things as possible during its brief existence. This has an unfortunate effect upon the general sessions, which do little more than register committee decisions. Were the sessions longer there would be less haste and more opportunity for deliberation and debate. The only solution seems to be to accept the situation in theory as it is in practice, and expressly to authorize the larger committees to make final decisions under powers delegated them by the Assembly. In fact these commissions are already little assemblies in themselves, since practically all the Governments represented at Geneva have delegates upon them. The practical effect of such a policy, however, would be to divide the Assembly into a number of smaller bodies.

In theory the League represents an idea antithetical to nationalism, which our press extols as the great moving force of our age. Consequently it is not enough for the League of Nations to profess itself merely a moral agent. It must be something more real, if it is to have prestige among the peoples of the earth. Therefore the League must accomplish definite things, things that our sense of justice and our common interests endorse, in order to secure the respect and sympathy of the world. Will the Third Assembly live up to this task?

Here we come to the undebatable criterion by which the League must be judged and will be judged. But it is impossible to pass this judgment in a few words. It is necessary to follow the

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proceedings, to study the reports, to get into direct contact with the executive agencies and bureaus of the League, in a word, to familiarize ourselves with all its functions and accomplishments, before we can decide whether real progress is being made. Consequently only a man on the ground can form an intelligent opinion; others have to take their opinions on trust. Realizing this, the League authorities are pursuing a policy of publicity.

A person who seriously studies the work of the League will be surprised at the variety of the problems it is trying to handle. Wherever a shoe pinches all over the world, the League seems sure to hear of it. That is the finest feature of the institution — its universal appeal and interests. But this has the serious disadvantage of dispersing energy.

We have not acquired the faculty of thinking in world terms during the last few years, and have been greatly preoccupied with our immediate affairs. This disposes us to look upon it as waste of time for the League to busy itself with such matters as the opium trade or sanitation. In fact, that was my own feeling at first — a feeling that I did not change until I became more intimately familiar with what was being done.

The League of Nations has a health division whose executive organ, the Provisional Division upon Epidemics, is fighting epidemic diseases in Eastern Europe. During the two years ending with August 1922, it has expended well toward a million dollars upon this work. The British Parliament has promised one hundred thousand pounds sterling in addition, if all the other League Governments together will provide double that amount.

The extent that this campaign against infectious diseases has assumed may be gathered from the fact that in 1922 Poland spent about 2,000,000 dollars, Rumania, almost the same amount, and Lettland, some 350,000 dollars upon this work. These financially weakened nations could not have kept up the fight alone; and had it been allowed to relax, the epidemic area would undoubtedly have extended westward. So the League is here combating a peril that threatens us all alike.

Yes, the League of Nations is already doing some useful things. It is only beginning to address itself to other tasks. Among the latter is disarmament. I don't mean that the League has not attacked this problem before from several sides. Disarmament was first advocated on moral grounds. Next, there was an effort to limit armaments by securing an agreement that no Government would increase its present military budget. Now the whole question has been associated with that of guaranty treaties: that is, disarmament subject to insurance against attack. It is quite clear that the question is gradually being narrowed down to a concrete basis.

The Mandates question really deserves a separate article. But an incident has occurred that shows that the League is really a new force in the world, with which Governments must reckon. I refer to the demand made by the delegate of the Black Republic of Haiti, Dante Bellegarde, that the Assembly investigate the bloody punitive expedition recently undertaken against a black tribe in the mandatory territories of Southwest Africa. His motion to have the incident thoroughly aired has been adopted. The Assembly will carry out its inquiries without opposition from South Africa. This makes it clear that a mandate is not a fiction, not a mere device to delude public opinion, but a real legal institution, subject to the control of the community of nations.

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The future evolution of the Assembly may be in either of two directions. It may become a parliament of the world. But it is just now turning definitely away from this course in favor of an interpretation of its constitution that would make it a body of government commissioners. There are still delegations that are quite independent of their cabinets at home, but experience shows that this is not the ideal plan. If the Assembly is to grow in strength and influence, it must be with the assent and support of the Governments that are represented in it.

The present conception of the Assembly as a Council of Governments has had a clearly recognizable influence upon its methods of procedure and its debates. The members obviously feel an added burden of responsibility. They are no longer private persons free to express their individual opinions. The extent to which this idea affects the attitude of the members is illustrated in a striking way by Mr. Branting, who as the Prime Minister of Sweden chooses his words as carefully as if each were a gold sovereign.

How shall I summarize my total impression in a single sentence? It is said that a mother can always discover some trace of beauty in her child. But speaking with all possible objectivity, I think I am justified in summarizing my general impression in this statement: The League of Nations has actually begun to be indispensable.

SYRIA'S SECRET SECT

BY JEAN FLEURIER

From *Journal de Genève, September 2, 3*
(Swiss Liberal-Democratic Daily)

There are said to be twenty-five or twenty-six religions represented in Syria. That country is a crossroads of races, philosophies, and faiths. It borders on Palestine, the cradle of Judaism and Christianity; it is close to Arabia, the cradle of Islam; it is on the highway between Europe and India and Persia, over which there has been an uninterrupted interchange of ideas and speculations from ancient days down to the present time.

One of the most secret of these religions, possibly the most secret in the world, is that professed by the Alaites or Nosairians. They number between one hundred and seventy thousand and two hundred thousand. Some of them reside in Cilicia, near Adana, but the greater number form a compact group in the Carmel Mountains, between the Orontes River and the Mediterranean. The country is so rugged and precipitous that no roads penetrated it. Partly for this reason the Turks never wholly subdued these hardy and warlike mountaineers.

French troops, who reached their most inaccessible fastnesses in 1921, were the first invaders to appear among these people; and they were greeted by the natives with the statement: 'We have never obeyed any Government.'

The name Nosairian dates back to

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remote antiquity. Pliny the Elder probably refers to them in his account of a little people whom he calls *Nazerini*, inhabiting the district where the Nosairians dwell to-day. For this reason they have sometimes been regarded as Christians, who adopted certain Islamic forms as a disguise, at the time of the Mohammedan conquest, although preserving at heart their ancient faith. Others consider them as merely a sect of Islamic dissenters. The real truth seems to be much more complicated.

A Levantine proverb says: 'An Alaite never talks' — in other words, he keeps his religion an absolute secret. His belief permits him to make mental reservations and to bear false witness to those who are not of his own faith. His holy books are carefully concealed.

But in our day the veil is being lifted from every mystery. Under the spur of poverty a number of Alaites have migrated to the United States and to Argentina, where they peddle Oriental rugs. Most of them eventually return. It is not unusual to find in their remote mountain villages men who speak intelligible Spanish. These long sojourns abroad modify the beliefs even of these mysterious sectarians. One of them, a certain Solyman Effendi, a native of Adana, was converted to Protestantism, and on his return to Beirut, published an Arab work upon his native religion, entitled *Kirab-el-Bakourah*. He was promptly assassinated — 'An Alaite never talks.'

Perhaps it is another version of the same incident, but I was told at Latakia that shortly before the war an American who had managed to secure possession of the holy book of the Alaites was found dead — stabbed with a dagger and his tongue cut out — the night before he was to embark at Tarsus.

During the military operations last year, a copy of these scriptures fell by hazard into the hands of the Algerian infantry. An Alaite priest immediately claimed it, stating that it had no interest except for his fellow believers. The book was returned to him, and his delight and gratitude were genuine and lasting.

I am not a member of the sect myself, and I am no longer in their country; so I may perhaps tell you what I know — or think that I have learned — about this obscure faith, without incurring danger of losing my tongue and of sudden death! Let me say, first of all, that one is introduced to the mysteries of this religion, as he is into that of many post-Islamic sects in Syria, through successive initiation rites; and that believers are expressly authorized to observe, for purposes of convenience or concealment, the ordinary forms of Islamism. This they call *takkya*, or prudence. But though the Alaite religion has thus been strongly influenced by Islam, it is not that faith. It is not even a dissenting variant. The Alaites are not, as has been asserted, the Protestants of Islam. Their holy book — a copy of which is now in the hands of a Frenchman in Syria, whose name and address I naturally shall not give — contains imprecations against Mohammed. In truth their doctrine in its esoteric sense, which is not understood except by some of the priests, is a mixture of Syrophœnician Sabæanism, Christianity, and Mohammedism, influenced remotely by Hindu or Egyptian speculation, and all systematized into a metaphysical structure that the student cannot help admiring as a complex creation of the intellect, but that discloses no moral principle, no final end, and no practical purpose. It is probably the fruit of the long meditation of one or more Oriental philosophers, who were so enraptured with the abstract elegance of their system that they lost sight of all else.

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According to this creed the divine trinity consists of a 'Supreme Principle' and two accompanying personalities, the 'Word' and the 'Gate.' This trinity has manifested itself to men through seven successive incarnations. One of these incarnations, which will seem rather bizarre to the modern reader, is the appearance of the three persons in Aristotle, Plato, and Socrates. In the last and final incarnation the Supreme Principle manifested itself in Ali, the fourth successor of Mohammed; and Ali remains — in the belief of this sect — the personification of divinity. The two accompanying personalities were incarnated for the last time in Mohammed and in Solyman, the Persian, who is but imperfectly identified with any known historical personage.

From the trinity proceed five æons of creative monads, who have created the universe. This universe consists of seven heavens and seven earths. There is a division of opinion as to which of these is the actual home of Ali. There are four schools — for the word sects would be too strong — upon this subject; but these divisions do not affect essentially the unity of faith.

Ali is designated in an Oriental fashion by the name, 'Lord of the Bees,' which means 'of the stars'; for souls are supposed to come from the stars, and the earth is regarded as a purgatory to which they have been condemned on account of the fall of man. Just souls return to their stars after their death. A soul that leads an evil life during the sojourn on earth is reincarnated in an animal or a plant.

This last superstition explains two singular incidents. When the French forces captured the flocks of the mountaineers during their recent military operations, the owners furiously resisted the slaughter of certain animals, usually cattle, offering to replace them or buy them at any price. Evidently the souls of deceased Alaites were supposed to reside in those animals. Moreover, the tombs of their saints — which are venerated as secret shrines and almost invariably are erected on high mountain summits — are surrounded by sacred groves which it is considered a sacrilege to cut down. Aged, even dead trees are respected. This lends the mountains a peculiar aspect. Their summits are usually crowned with groups of magnificent trees, centuries old, that stand out strikingly in the otherwise denuded country. Under their shade one sees the solitary white tomb of a saint. Though the huts of the villagers are miserable enough, the shrines are excellently constructed of hewn stone and mortar, and bear colored inscriptions in graceful arabesques. Occasionally a statue surmounts the doorway — something that is essentially contrary to Mussulman practice. The general form of these buildings resembles that of a Mohammedan *kouda:* a square room, surmounted by a hemispherical dome containing a long sarcophagus — covered with a cloth — within which the remains of the holy man repose. Some of these domes are of monumental proportions. That of Sheik Bader, the father of Sheik Saleh who was the leader of the mountaineers during their war last year against the French, is remarkable for having two domes, a round tower, and unusually rich ornamentation. Unfortunately it has been partly destroyed by the Ismaelites, another secret sect who are hereditary enemies of the Alaites.

Among the strangest peculiarities of this Nosairian religion is the reverence paid to certain Christian saints. During their campaign last year, the French discovered in an unexplored mountain district a tomb of peculiar design. It had no dome, was in good repair, and

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contained two adjoining rooms. The larger one held a sarcophagus of unusual length, surrounded by the usual basins containing incense. The Alaites said that this tomb was much older than the others in their country, and belonged to a Christian saint, Nebbi Matta — that is to say, Saint Matthew.

The Alaites observe Christmas, Pentecost, and the anniversaries of St. John the Baptist, St. John Chrysostom, and St. Barbara. They observe a fast in honor of the Virgin, whose image is often found in their houses. They have neither churches nor mosques, but on certain dates they meet by night at the tombs of their saints. At these meetings they use candles and incense, and hold a sort of communion with a sacred cup. We know as yet very little of these ceremonies, for no stranger has ever been permitted to witness them. It is on these occasions that initiations are held, during which three degrees are conferred. Each initiate has a godfather, who becomes his spiritual father; and this tie of relationship is so strictly observed that a godson is not permitted to marry the daughter of his godfather. The Alaites also have ritual dances, performed at night to the accompaniment of enormous box-shaped drums, which are their favorite musical instruments. Quite possibly these dances are the oldest ceremonial of their religion. They reveal the influence of very ancient Phœnician cults, notably that of the great goddess of Byblos.

Alaites are seldom met in the coast towns. Like all mountaineers they are grouped in clans or tribes, and are associated in larger units or confederations. They are constantly involved in local contentions, but seldom make war upon each other. Until the French subdued the country, brigandage was one of their national industries — we might say, their only regular pursuit. The victims were invariably people who were not members of their faith; for there is not a case on record where an Alaite has killed one of his coreligionists, except for betraying the mysteries of the cult. A few members of the sect, who were persuaded during the last campaign to carry messages for the French, were surprised and captured in the mountains, but released after a good flogging. This intense clannishness, begotten of their political and religious isolation, has made them deaf to Pan-Islamic agitation.

The members of this sect speak Arabic. Most of them are of a pure Arab type, plus certain peculiarities that may be explained by their long residence in the mountains. They are a stocky race with black hair and beards, prominent aquiline noses, sharp but shifty eyes, and immobile features. In general their appearance is not engaging. So far as the peasant has a national garb, it is a red handkerchief tied around his head like a turban, an old overcoat or a tunic of European origin, wide trousers of white cloth stuck into leather leggings, and slippers that he takes off when he wishes to travel rapidly. In some of the remoter villages the old overcoat or tunic has not yet displaced the coarse brown blue-trimmed smock worn by Turkish peasants.

Among these Semitic-looking people, however, one encounters many 'Crusaders' sons' with blue eyes and fair complexions. Beyond question these really are remote descendants of Christian troops, who once garrisoned the castles that still remain almost intact, clinging to the precipitous heights of the Alaite country.

As I have said, war and brigandage are almost the sole occupations. A few Alaites are merchants, who have

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acquired wealth buying up the local tobacco and sending it to Latakia. The men spend most of their time sitting cross-legged on the flat roofs of their houses, smoking cigarettes. They travel on foot with incredible speed and endurance, have the eyesight of eagles, are unerring marksmen, and are well armed with excellent Mauser rifles that have come into their possession through German and Turkish hands. They make excellent soldiers and since submitting to French sovereignty have volunteered readily for service in the army.

The condition of their women is most unhappy. These do all the heavy work except the most laborious field operations; they are treated like beasts of burden; and they are excluded from all religious rites. An Alaite is permitted by his laws to have seven wives — not four like the Mohammedans — and is usually blessed with a large family. When young, the Alaite women are often handsome. They wear white veils that cover only the lower portion of their faces, short-sleeved and low-necked jackets, and white Turkish trousers, generally of red and yellow, gathered in closely at the waist and ankles.

The national dish of these mountaineers is curds. They are fond of drinking raki, a fig brandy strongly flavored with anise seed — another departure from the law of Islam. Every well-to-do tribesman carries a little bottle of this with him, containing his ration for the day. Alaite villages leave much to be desired in the way of cleanliness and sanitation; and their houses, which are whitewashed square masonry structures, sometimes erected without mortar, are invariably overrun with vermin. Doorways and fields are enclosed by rude stone walls. Some of the village squares have peculiar see-saws, where the young folks amuse themselves. Orchards of pomegranate, almond, fig, and mulberry trees embower the villages and nestle in the bottoms of the numerous ravines that cut the country in all directions. Wherever there is a spot of fertile ground amid the rocks and boulders it has been utilized for a barley field or for growing the tobacco for which this district is famous. Indeed the country, like most of Syria, is far more fertile than it looks.

A remarkable transformation is going on in this recently unexplored and savage district since the French became its masters. Highways, traversable by automobiles, have already been constructed across the mountains, and what is more remarkable, the Alaites themselves are beginning to take an interest in these improvements. French Arab schools have been opened, a medical service has been organized, and some of the natives, who were excluded from political functions by the Turks, are already serving as subordinate government officials.

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WHERE DIPLOMACY FAILED

From the *Daily Telegraph, September* 19
(London Independent-Conservative Daily)

Political memories are proverbially short, and as the incidents of the last few years have been unusually crowded, many people have naturally forgotten precisely how the present situation in the Near East has arisen and what are the exact terms of the Treaty of Sèvres, which established the Zone of the Straits, and the International Commission which is now in charge of the famous waterways leading to the Black Sea. It is a tangled story, which could only be told in detail at great length; it will be sufficient to recall some of the more salient facts and incidents.

One or two general preliminary observations must first be made. It is often asked why so long a period was allowed to elapse between the time when Turkey sued for peace as a prostrate and helpless foe and the Treaty of Sèvres, which was not signed till August 10, 1920. This fatal interval, the cause of untold trouble, was largely due to the fact that as soon as the fighting was over the sole preoccupation of the Allies was to get their fighting men home again from the Near East, and the business of peace-making with Turkey was deferred until the Treaty of Versailles had been laboriously drawn up and signed.

There was also this valid excuse for the further mischievous delays in 1919 and 1920, that the Allies were waiting to know exactly what America was going to do before they could come to their final decisions. They had hoped that America would accept a mandate, either for the Straits or for Armenia or for both. When America decided to have nothing to do with either — indeed, she took no hand at all in the Treaty of Sèvres — the position in the Near East had been gravely complicated for the worse.

It was not until February 1920 that the Peace Conference seriously addressed itself to the task of making peace with Turkey; and by that time the Turkish Nationalist movement, centred in Angora, well out of Allied reach, had made serious headway. Kemal stood forward as the leader of the Turkish patriots, and the French were already having serious trouble in the Marash area in Cilicia. The Treaty was presented to the Turkish delegates for their acceptance in May 1920. Its principal provisions — so far as they are germane to the present situation — were the following: —

1. The establishment of a special régime for the Dardanelles, the Bosporus, and the Sea of Marmora. An International Commission was to be set up to control the passage of shipping, levy tolls, and act as a Board of Conservancy.

The three Western Powers were given two votes each on the Commission, America and Russia two each (contingently), Greece and Rumania one each, and Turkey and Bulgaria one each (contingently). This last spring Turkey was offered two votes and the permanent presidency of the Commission.

The freedom of the Straits was to be safeguarded by a Zone of the Straits, so drawn as to include the Gallipoli peninsula and the Bigha peninsula on the Asiatic side, and two broadish strips of continuous territory along both sides of the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea.

This zone was to be in the perpetual naval and military occupation of the British, French, and Italians, and to be forbidden ground to Greeks and Turks.

Constantinople itself was to remain under

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Turkish sovereignty, but the Turkish land forces were to be reduced to 50,000, and the Sultan's bodyguard was to be no more than 700. Turkey was forbidden to form a navy.

2. Eastern Thrace, as far as the Chatalja Lines, was assigned to Greece, together with the islands of Imbros, Tenedos, Lemnos, Chios, and several others. Greece was required to sign a separate treaty with Turkey guaranteeing full protection for the rights of the Turks in the ceded territories, and notably in Adrianople.

3. A special government was provided for Smyrna and a considerable enclave round it. Turkish sovereignty was nominally to be preserved, but the administration was to be effectively Greek. At the end of five years there was to be a plebiscite, and if the majority vote was in favor of becoming Greek the whole enclave was then to be incorporated in the Greek kingdom.

Such was the Treaty of Sèvres, so far as its provisions now concern us. The Turks, of course, protested vehemently against what they called the excessive severity of the terms. But they did more than enter verbal protests. In Thrace a new Nationalist movement was headed by Jafar Tayer. In Cilicia General Gouraud found himself engaged in a regular campaign against the Nationalists, and in Syria the French were also actively engaged in a harassing guerilla warfare. In the Ismid region the Kemalists were busy blowing up bridges, raiding ammunition dumps, and threatening danger to certain perilously weak and isolated British and Indian detachments.

Indeed, the situation in that quarter was judged to be so serious in June that the Allies — and the British Government in particular — were favorably disposed to listen to the proposals put before them by M. Venizelos for relieving the pressure exercised by the Kemalists. His plan was to order the Greek army which had been at Smyrna for over a year past to advance quickly against the Turkish forces, which he promised to drive back into the interior and thus relieve the pressure upon the British on the coast of Marmora and the French in the south.

The Greeks advanced at several points, landed at others, and performed faithfully all the promises made by M. Venizelos. They pushed up to Alashehr, one hundred miles east of Smyrna, took Brusa in the north, and completely relieved the scattered British units along the coast. It is only fair that those who now deride the catastrophic collapse of Greek ambitions in Asia Minor should bear in mind the fact that the timely landing of the Greek army in the summer of 1920 saved Great Britain from the unpleasant necessity of dispatching military reënforcements to Constantinople, and possibly from some humiliating incidents.

Meanwhile the French entered into negotiation with the Kemalists with respect to their evacuation of Cilicia, and the Italians had some time previously withdrawn from Konia and the hinterland of Adalia, which they had marked out as their special sphere of influence in the period following the Armistice, when Asia Minor appeared to be a no-man's-land which those who coveted might seize.

Fired by their brilliant success in Asia Minor, — and it was brilliant enough in the face of an enemy not yet provided with first-class material of war, — the Greeks were eager to repeat the performance in Eastern Thrace. They landed at Eregli and Rodosto, and within a week Adrianople was in their hands and Jafar Tayer's feeble resistance at an end. It was then the end of July, and the Allies presented the Sultan's Government with a peremptory order to sign the Treaty within ten days. So the Sultan at last sent the requisite authority to the Turkish delegates, and the Treaty of Sèvres was signed on August 10. There were those who thought

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that at last peace was accomplished in the Near East and that the 'brigand' Mustafa Kemal's day of brief authority was over.

But events turned out otherwise. The easy military promenades of the Greeks excited many jealousies. Italy's hopes in Asia Minor had been completely frustrated, and she ruefully observed that while her hands seemed almost empty those of Greece were full. Moreover, although France had been a consenting party to the landing of the Greek armies, her consent had been grudgingly given, and she noted with diminishing favor her tightening grip upon Eastern Thrace.

French public opinion, restless under the heavy cost of maintaining the necessary garrisons in Cilicia and Syria, desired to come to an understanding with the Angora Government, whereby France might be relieved from the necessity of further military undertakings. And her last faint sympathies with Greece were entirely destroyed when the Greek electors turned against Venizelos and, by an overwhelming vote, recalled King Constantine from exile after the untimely death of the young King Alexander. From that time British and French policies in relation to the Near East tended to become more and more divergent; and when King Constantine, in the summer of last year, staked all his hopes upon a victorious advance against Angora and failed after some initial successes to penetrate the Turkish main line of defense, the French Government sent a mission to Angora and concluded an independent Convention, which has evidently had no small influence on the recent successes of the Nationalist arms.

It should be observed that as soon as the Treaty of Sèvres was signed the Allied signatories began to discuss terms of revision. They could have revised it readily enough with the Sultan; but the Sultan was a cipher, and the Angora Pact, which defined the Turkish Nationalist programme, demanded a revision so drastic as to amount to a complete tearing-up of the Treaty. Last spring the Allies made an earnest effort to revise the Treaty on terms more favorable for Turkey, which would, they hoped, induce Kemal to agree to an armistice in the Turco-Greek war. The Allied Foreign Ministers drew up a scheme which provided for the following important modifications of the Treaty of Sèvres: —

1. Evacuation of Asia Minor by the Greeks, and Smyrna to revert to Turkey, with a special administration for the city area.

2. Greeks to retain Adrianople, but certain zones in Eastern Thrace to be demilitarized, so that the Greeks could not threaten Constantinople and the Turks could not attack the Greeks. The new frontiers proposed were to be placed sixty-two miles from Constantinople.

3. Turkey to have the whole of the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, on condition of its being demilitarized.

4. Gallipoli to be occupied by Allied forces, and their occupation to be extended to Rodosto.

5. Turkey to have possession of Constantinople, and her land forces to be raised to 85,000.

6. Navigation of the Straits to be controlled by the International Commission, under a Turkish president.

7. Constantinople to be evacuated by the Allied troops within a certain period.

These concessions by no means satisfied Kemal, and he broke off negotiations by demanding that the Greeks should evacuate Asia Minor before he would sign any armistice — an obviously impossible condition. So the efforts of the Allied Foreign Ministers were brought to naught, and the summer was spent by the Angora Government in reëquipping its army and preparing for the offensive, which was delivered

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with such crushing effect three weeks ago.

Technically, therefore, the position to-day is that the Angora Government is at war with Greece, for it does not recognize the Treaty of Sèvres, which was signed by the Sultan's Government, it claims, under duress. But as the Treaty of Sèvres was never ratified by the Turkish Parliament, the Allies are still technically in a state of war with the Turkish Empire. The technical position, however, is of small moment compared with the actual situation, which is that the Sèvres Treaty is in operation so far as the occupation of Thrace by the Greeks is concerned, while the control of the Straits is being exercised by the International Commission, relying on the sanction provided by the presence of an Interallied military force. The Zone of the Straits is also in being, and any attempt to cross it will be resisted at once by British warships.

PERSIAN SKETCHES

BY COLIN ROSS

[*Colin Ross will be remembered as a German correspondent, who since the war has toured America, Russia, and parts of Asia, in the service of the German press. His observations in the Ukraine were printed in the* Living Age *of July* 1.]

From *Neue Freie Presse, August* 20, 30
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

We wound our way through the rice fields in the twilight. Here and there a peasant was still at work, wading knee-deep in the muddy water, above which the young rice-plants were just lifting their green heads. But most of the laborers were already plodding homeward, with brown, spherical felt caps perched on their heavy locks, and long-handled spades swung over their shoulders. Whenever we overtook a group of them the women would hastily wrap their heads in their veils, peeping curiously at the passing stranger from between the folds. It was dark when we reached Resht, but since it was Ramadan, the Mohammedan month of fasting, the people were converting night into day. As my carriage turned into the first street of the bazaar, I felt as if we were suddenly diving into an aquarium full of luminous deep-sea animals, so confined and narrow was the passage, so utterly unfamiliar were the sights about me, so bewildering the multitude of swaying, vibrating, flickering lights on every side.

In fact, the houses, so far as they could be seen from the streets, consisted of open rectangular box-like niches. These were occupied by craftsmen plying their trades and merchants displaying their wares. As we rolled past, the scene on either hand presented the aspect of a bright ever-varying panorama. My driver apparently prided himself on exhibiting his skill and the speed of his horses. At least he plunged down the narrow bazaar-street at a breakneck gallop. But he was soon

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forced to rein in, so suddenly that his horses reared until the carriage tongue was almost perpendicular. He had barely missed driving at full speed into a group of men gathered around an overturned cart. He cursed violently, but the way was blocked.

I enjoyed the incident, for it gave me leisure to survey my strange and unreal surroundings. I noted for the first time that the whole bazaar was a perfect bower of roses. Sellers of milk and soft drinks had stuck rose blossoms in their bottles instead of corks. Vendors of little cakes, peddling their wares from trays as they strolled slowly up and down the street, had arranged their dainties in little piles around their lamps, with a red rose capping each tiny heap. Bakers had strewn roses over their flat cakes of bread. Provision dealers had stuck them in their glistening pyramids of butter. Roses were everywhere.

The buzzing and humming of the bazaar, whose undertone seemed to be flutes playing in far-off gardens, was suddenly interrupted by a woman's singing. As I listened I caught a Russian melody, sung by the trained voice of a woman evidently well past her prime. Suddenly it ceased, and I heard again the mournful, plaintive, enticing notes of the flute in a distant garden. Then the song was resumed, and I recognized the words plainly. It was Chaikovskii's melancholy song: *Pochemu ya lublu tebya svetlaya noch?* — 'Why do I love thee so, fair midsummer night?'

Suddenly the horse started again. The obstacle had been removed, and we continued on our way to the hotel. There, too, I found all the tables in the dining-room covered with roses. Their fragrant odor mingled with the heavy aroma of the sweet Kusvin wine of the country.

The next morning I went first to a Turkish bath, and then to the Town Park, which was nothing but an unbroken succession of rose-beds. Women were strolling here and there, wrapped in black or white robes, and wearing thick opaque veils, like a belt of armor over their faces. A single European lady, whose slender grace stood out in pleasing contrast to the dumpiness of Oriental women in their voluminous and clumsy garments, was loitering indolently through the garden, picking a rose here and there, until she had a great bouquet of them. She was hardly more than a child, on whose tender face the wondering innocence of youth seemed to meet the vague, troubled longings of young womanhood. We chanced to leave the garden at the same time, and met at the narrow exit. For a moment we looked each other directly in the eyes, with a quick awakening of mutual interest.

I next called upon an Armenian physician, whose name had been given me at Baku. This gentleman had studied in Vienna and Munich; and he and his Russian wife received me cordially. We dined together, took a walk together, and in the evening I accompanied them to visit a family of their friends.

'You must surely meet them before you leave,' said the physician. 'Their house is the only one open to us here. The lady is the widow of an Armenian wholesale merchant, with two young daughters, and it is hard to say which of the three is the most beautiful and interesting.'

We passed through a large garden to a lofty residence, with broad glass-enclosed verandas. Here, too, roses were blooming everywhere. It was such an unusual, dreamlike place that I was not in the least surprised to recognize in the younger of the two daughters the maiden whom I had seen in the rose garden that morning. Evidently our recognition was mutual, but

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neither of us mentioned our earlier encounter.

After dinner the elder of the two daughters sat down at the piano and sang Russian and Armenian songs. Then the younger daughter, after much pleading by the Armenian physician and his wife, danced an Armenian dance. It consisted entirely of slow posturing, and was practically all done with the arms alone. After that she danced some Russian dances. We sat around in a circle and kept time with our clapping hands as she pirouetted in ever faster rhythm. When she had finished the physician said: 'But the mother's talent need not shrink from comparison with the daughter's grace. Please sing for us.' Thereupon our hostess sat down at the piano, and I noticed for the first time what a remarkably beautiful woman she must have been — indeed still was. Even before she opened her lips I knew that she was the woman who had sung Chaikovskii's song the previous evening. So I asked her for *Pochemu ya lublu tebya svetlaya noch?*

It was midnight before we left. The mother stood upon the balcony above, her arms around her two daughters, and watched us depart. The streets were still full of life, since it was Ramadan. Veiled women were walking under swaying lights. The perfume of roses greeted us on every hand; flutes were playing in the gardens. When I went up to my room in the hotel, I found a bouquet of roses on the table. I stepped out on the balcony. Diagonally across the street was a Mohammedan school where a white-turbaned priest was chanting, in a singsong nasal tone, a prayer to Allah. The moment he stopped, the sighing, enticing notes of flutes again rose to my ears. My hands grasped the balcony railing more tightly. A thousand memories welled up in my heart like half-forgotten melodies, and seemed to blend in perfect unison with *Pochemu ya lublu*. . . .

The caravan route that we are following is an old military highway, and at one time was well paved and traversable for artillery. To-day, however, like everything else in Persia, it has fallen into ruins. Yet even now we occasionally come upon a short stretch of well-paved and curbed roadbed, 'hanging in the air' — so to speak — amid the sands and gullies.

The caravansaries, once numerous along this route, are also dilapidated and deserted. Here and there the remnants of a vaulted chamber still survive the ravages of time and the elements, to serve for the miserable stalls of post ponies. Caravans bivouac in the open — mostly during the day, for they usually travel by night. We, who are journeying with the Persian post, push forward through the noonday heat. Our post boy must have his pipe of opium before he sets forth in the morning; so we generally travel from seven until one, and then camp for the remainder of the day.

As we advance, the region through which we are passing grows more arid, and the distance between its green oases lengthens. To be sure, we have been following a river for nearly a day, but its bed is so low that rarely can the water be used for irrigation. Occasionally we sight a village in the distance; but the only structures along the highway itself are the little square adobe huts of the post stations, exposed to the full blaze of the midday sun, with usually an adjacent tea-house.

We sit crowded together in the narrow tea-room, where a samovar is sputtering and a hookah bubbles and gurgles. The proprietor bustles about with tiny glasses of tea. The tea itself is boiling hot, and we can drink it only in the Russian fashion, sipping it

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through a piece of sugar held between the lips. Persians generally pour it into the saucer and drink from that. Some of our travelers carry their own samovars, and sit in front of them from the time we arrive until late at night, swallowing glass after glass of the hot beverage.

These tea-houses are liveliest in the evening, when the caravans begin to arrive and camel and mule drivers drop in to refresh themselves. But as soon as I have eaten my evening meal of sour milk and bread and sugar, I take my sleeping-bag and seek a resting-place under the starry skies. Generally I choose a place immediately behind the post wagon — which is left standing on the highway — in order to avoid being trampled by a camel during the night.

Last evening in spite of my fatigue I did not immediately fall asleep. There was noise and confusion everywhere. Our driver and a couple of peasants sat in front of the post station, and one of them droned a monotonous, interminable song. Frogs in the neighboring river croaked in a mighty chorus. Mosquitoes began to hum. I knew there might be malaria around and I ought to take a dose of quinine; but the medicine was in my knapsack under my head, and I was too comfortable and too tired to get it. So, after a few vigorous slaps at the shrill invaders, I fell asleep; and I awoke this morning, my forehead rough and knobby with their bites.

For a time I lay flat on my back, staring at the dawn-flushed heavens. The brilliant sky seemed a glorious novelty. Bells tinkled in the distance. Caravans approached and passed me on either hand. The patient little burros were almost concealed under their heavy loads; the camels with their nodding heads lumbered by like uncanny spirits following the footsteps of the departing night.

Mingled with the jangling of the bells were the shrill cries of the drivers, discordant and harsh, like voices of lost souls in the wilderness. I noticed curly-headed lads and weary old white-beards trotting behind the camels — some just setting forth upon the life of eternal wandering that for the others was fast approaching its weary close.

Many unhappy wayfarers have toiled along this route of late: Assyrian Christians driven by the Kurds from their villages on the shores of Urmia Lake, Armenians fleeing from Turkish massacres, and myriads of refugees from Russia, hastening on to destinations that they do not know. The faces of three whom I saw this morning have haunted me all day: a blond Russian woman, barefooted and in rags, with a child in her arms, accompanied by a careworn man, wasted with hunger and want. They did not beg as our wagon passed them. They merely stared with big eyes at its well-fed and well-clothed occupants. I had no small change handy, and you see so much misery here in the Near East that you become disheartened with giving. I thought to myself, after we passed them: 'You cannot throw money to everyone you see.' And yet I knew that I should not forget that gaze. So I jumped down from our coach, and ran back to redeem my peace of mind.

Yet those faces still haunt me — they and their fate, their aimless wandering without hope and object. But am I not an equally aimless journeyer? Are not my fancied purposes and destinations all illusion, as much as theirs?

A familiar muttering behind my back causes me to turn round abruptly. A Caucasian Turk, who took passage in the coach at the last station, is saying his evening prayer. His form appears to tower to an unusual height, when after bowing and kneeling he lifts himself erect, and seems to read

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his prayer from his open hands held before his breast. I never saw a more kindly and helpful person than this simple Turk. Whenever the coach stuck fast, he was the first to spring out and push. When an irrigation ditch crossed the road, he remained behind to repair the banks broken by our wheels, so that the peasants might lose no water. I never knew him to omit one of the prescribed prayers: to him rites and dogmas are one with the living God.

As I watch him, standing there and praying in the evening light, I envy him. How simple and how confident is his life! A few prayers and ablutions taught him by his priest lead him by a straight path to Paradise. He knows nothing of our Western heart-struggles toward the Divine.

As I write, the Turk has finished his prayer and wrapped himself in his rug. Already his deep regular breathing is audible as he slumbers.

It is not well to journey along the highway of the Thousand and One Nights, for you come back poorer by many lost illusions. Possibly there is no part of the Orient that more speedily disenchants a Westerner than Persia. I had always associated with the words Teheran, Shah, and King of Kings, certain lingering ideas of fabulous Oriental luxury and riches. What I have actually seen is just the reverse of this.

To be sure, the Shemsol-amure, or Imperial Palace, is an impressive building. However, since the capital city itself has few structures more than one story high, the four-or-five-story Palace owes its effect largely to contrast with these humble buildings. When a visitor first sees it, he may imagine that behind its double tower of majolica veneer lies a palatial fairyland of endless pillared corridors, courtyards, and jewel-like pavilions, but the plain truth is that the tower itself is the best thing in the palace.

The famous marble throne is another disappointment. It stands in a kind of loggia, like the orchestra balcony in a seaside casino. The throneroom has no front wall, but opens like a stage upon a park with a great fountain in the centre. This is where the Shah held his court audiences; and the prismatic-mirror ceiling, mosaic walls, and spacious marble dais do have a certain barbaric pomp. But a visitor expects more of the ceremonial room of a ruler who calls himself 'King of Kings' and the 'Centre of the Universe.' Moreover, when you have seen this, there is little more to see. The public apartments of the Palace exhibit the tasteless discords that you meet everywhere in Persia: remnants of wonderful ancient Oriental art and culture, intermingled with the worst trash of modern Europe. It is remarkable that people who still do such wonderful work in special fields of craftsmanship should show such deplorable taste in respect to European articles.

This barbarous discord is thrust on our attention the moment we enter the Palace. At either end of each step of the broad stairway that leads to the state apartments stands some decorative object — wonderful ancient bronzes side by side with gilded plaster-of-Paris statues or ugly European lamps set in exquisite Oriental vases. I recall especially two marvelous Chinese vases, each of which contained one of those silvered glass balls that peasants in Germany sometimes put in flowerbeds.

In the great reception-hall hang more-than-lifesize portraits of nearly every European monarch. Kaiser Wilhelm I is there, and Emperor Franz Josef appears twice — first as a young man in Hungarian uniform, and again as an old man in the uniform of an

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Austrian Field Marshal. These are gifts from the monarchs in question, brought back by the Shahs from their European tours. Of late the Persian rulers have ceased to visit European courts. The present Shah is staying in Paris, but unofficially, as a private person. A picture of him, published in *Matin*, represents a most unroyal-looking young man in a straw hat, smiling comfortably and apparently glad to get away from his country. The native papers are publishing scandalous articles, attacking him furiously because he secretly carried off the Crown jewels when he left; and Parliament has publicly ordered him to come back. To-day, it is not the Shah but the Prime Minister who holds court receptions in the throneroom.

The most beautiful thing in the Royal Palace is the garden. It is not large, and consists essentially of a string of ponds connecting with each other. These ponds are pleasantly bordered with flowers and trees, and the effect would be excellent were it not for the European trumpery that intrudes itself on the attention: plaster-of-Paris deer in the shrubbery, and brightly painted tin images with lights in their hands, ranged round each pond.

The residential apartments are now empty and unoccupied, except for part of the Anderun, or women's building. Under the old Shahs the most beautiful maidens of the land were gathered here; but to-day the only occupants of the imperial harem are a few old hags.

The present Shah has transferred his residence, even for the winter, to the foot of the mountains outside the city. On our way thither we passed the Ferahulust, or hunting-castle of Nuser ed Dins. This great structure is perched upon a precipitous height and commands a wonderful view. The later Shahs did not like the place, so it has been left to go to ruin in accepted Persian fashion.

Modern Persians do not build for posterity. Ordinary houses are made of mud. When a man wishes to construct a dwelling, he mixes water and common earth together, adds a little straw, and erects a fragile wall of the materials. Rafters are made of green, newly-cut poles. Sundried brick, and occasionally burnt brick, are employed in public buildings; but even these are not solidly constructed, and unless constantly repaired, speedily become dilapidated. Consequently there are few architectural monuments in Persia.

As I strolled through Ferahulust, I noticed with a pang of indignant regret how the really beautiful mosaics and magnificent old tile-work that still partially cover the adobe walls were going to ruin.

Dichantepe, the palace built by the present Shah, lies scarce a half-hour's ride beyond. It is a kiosk whose successive stories form receding terraces. The ceiling of the entrance-hall consists of mirror-prisms. A miscellaneous array of photographs, mostly of audiences and parades, — including an imperial parade at Potsdam, — covers the walls. The visitor then ascends a flight of steps flanked by tin flamingos painted brilliant red and white. Unfortunately the paint is rubbed off in places, so that the tin beneath is visible. At the top of the stairs the visitor enters a hall containing a couple of immense bearskins and several remarkably fine bronze animals. However, two oleographs representing perfectly impossible naked women hang on the walls. The other rooms are but a repetition of the first. While in South America the traveler for the most part finds only the poorest work of European painters, here a strenuous effort seems to have been made to collect the very worst specimens of our art reproductions. I

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noticed on the consoles in some of the rooms electric heaters employed for decorative effect, evidently in utter ignorance of their proper use. What surprised me even more than this, however, was to discover that the rugs and carpets also were equally bad. Practically all the floor-coverings were new, harsh, aniline-dyed monstrosities.

This was the residence of the Shah until he found that he could live more comfortably, and above all more safely, on the banks of the Seine. His country is a land in an advanced stage of political decay, whose only hope of recovery lies in a strong and resolute ruler. But the present monarch is a timid weakling. As long as he lived in Persia he would not shake hands, because he feared bacilli. In all probability, therefore, the kiosk at Dichantepe is the last palace of his famous dynasty. The 'King of Kings' is a played-out character in Persia.

WAR-GUILT MYTHS

[*This article quite naturally brought the editors of* The Nation and the Athenæum *many letters, both of protest and of commendation. It is significant because its general thesis is supported by a powerful section of public opinion in Great Britain, including — officially at least — the Labor Party. A pamphlet campaign of some importance is also being conducted by Pacifists and Laborists for the purpose of indoctrinating the masses with this interpretation of the war-guilt question.*]

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, September* 9
(Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

For nearly four years the Allies have been attempting to carry out the dispositions of Versailles. That they are unworkable and disastrous almost everyone now realizes. Some part of them has been modified already, and much more will have to be changed if Europe is to remain a civilized continent. These piecemeal revisions may come too late.

It is growing clearer that it is not merely the details, but the whole foundation of the Versailles settlement which must be challenged. With all its faults and follies, it was not devoid of logic and consistency. It started out from a definite assumption, and worked it out to its last consequences. The assumption was stated in the Treaty itself. The Allies in §231 coerced Germany into accepting 'the responsibility for causing all the loss and damage' which the Allies had suffered 'as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies.'

The sole guilt and the whole responsibility were thrown on our late enemies; and from this premise the Allies drew the conclusion not merely that they must pay for the damage, but also that their power for evil must be broken by the economic fetters and losses imposed on Germany, by the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, by sundry territorial arrangements inspired by strategy, and by measures of disarmament applied to them alone. Now one may, even if one accepts the premise, challenge the whole spirit of this settlement. Much

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that may be just is not expedient. Nor was it just to treat the German and Austrian Republics, which had made a revolution, as the guilty heirs of their former rulers, exposed to the same punishment and the same suspicions.

Moreover, even if one holds that the Allies, one and all, were by accident or grace innocent in 1914, it by no means follows that they are worthy of omnipotence, and exempt from temptation to abuse their power. Such considerations, reënforced by recent economic history, are ground enough on which to oppose the Treaties, and demand their modification. None the less, even while we face this necessity, the original premise still works, and one finds M. Poincaré, for example, in his latest Note, taking credit for the moderation which refrained from demanding from Germany the whole cost of the war.

It is practically as well as theoretically important to be clear whether Mr. Lloyd George was right in 1917, when he spoke of the war as 'the most dangerous conspiracy ever plotted against the liberty of nations, carefully, skillfully, insidiously, clandestinely planned in every detail, with ruthless, cynical determination,' or whether his revised view, in December 1920, was correct, when he admitted that 'no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage (before August 1, 1914). It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered or stumbled.'

It is not sufficient, either for justice or for history, to confine our attention to the events which followed the murder of the heir to the Austrian throne. If the war were the culmination of a German conspiracy, its traces must be apparent on a rereading of history. For our own part we do not find them there. What we do discover is a jungle, in which every Power armed and most Powers intrigued for stakes which were usually the profitable opportunities for expansion and development in the backward portions of the earth. That German armaments were on land the more efficient is not a matter for reproach. This efficiency was in the main the fruit of a higher industrial civilization.

Neither France nor Russia was surprised by the war, and both of them had carried out increases and improvements in the years and months immediately before it, which implied the resolve to be ready for it. Unfortunately the French staff made some bad mistakes, notably in its reliance on field guns and its plan for a swift offensive through Lorraine, while the Russian Staff was as incompetent and corrupt as it was confident. In the matter of naval armaments, if it is proper for the United States to-day to claim equality with us at sea, was it a proof of evil intent that Germany should aspire to be a formidable second? Again, if stress be laid on the action of Germany in holding up the reduction of armaments at the second Hague Conference, is it likely that France would have accepted it, and is it fair to ignore our responsibility by our maintenance of the right of capture at sea?

When one turns to questions of territory and expansion, the fact is that in the decisive pre-war years it was the Allies in Morocco, Tripoli, Persia, Manchuria, and Korea who actually won the chief stakes. On the most influential of these issues we can never forget that France, which secured Morocco, has a surplus of iron ore and a stationary population, while Germany had a deficiency of the former and a surplus of the latter. In that struggle — though Germany's manners, thanks to the morbid dramatic taste of the Kaiser, were provocative — the fact is that each side, on at least one occasion, was ready to go to war over this sordid imperialist issue.

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The broad fact about this whole period is that while the maintenance of a solid armed block in Central Europe was undoubtedly a danger, the efforts of the Entente to break it up or encircle it were also a challenge. The system of a balance resting on armed alliances was essentially vicious, and neither side so acted as to rob it of its potential menace. If they must rebut the charge of conspiracy, the Germans are entitled to answer that they might have made their world war with much better prospects to themselves if they had used the years when we were preoccupied in South Africa, or Russia at grips with Japan.

But if we are to concern ourselves with the pre-history of the war, Russian policy deserves no less attention than German. The cumulative evidence is strong that powerful and growing forces in Russia — which included some leaders of the Cadet party, as well as the Staff, the clique of the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the forward section of the diplomatic service — were bent on a war with Austria and Germany, for the dual purpose of breaking up the Hapsburg monarchy and seizing Constantinople. The Balkan League, which Russia promoted, was really, in her intention, a combination for a war against Austria, and was turned first of all against Turkey only by the impatience of the Balkan States.

Again, the secret report of a Russian Cabinet Council, which, in February 1914, took all the preliminary decisions for a landing at the Straits and a consequential war against Germany, has been almost wholly ignored in this country. On the whole, we should say that there is at least as much evidence of a bellicose temper and a hopeful looking for war in the ruling circles of Russia and even of France, on the eve of Serajevo, as there is of the same moral disease in the Central Empires.

When we turn to the actual inception of the war, the first mental duty for an Englishman is to dismiss Belgium from his mind. It was a consequence, an aggravation, in itself a crime, but it was not the cause of the war. Indeed, there is little doubt that Sir Edward Grey would have decided to come in, even had Belgium been spared, and in so doing he would have had the support of the Tory leaders, who pronounced for war before this provocation existed. He could not honorably have absolved himself from his implied ties to France, and in spite of his denials in Parliament the naval convention with Russia awaited only the last formalities of completion.

We can attempt here only the briefest summary of the broad impression which remains in our own mind after some study of the ample literature that has gradually become available. Perhaps the first important correction to be made is that the Hapsburg Government was not the cipher that it was generally thought to be. It acted from Serajevo onward as an independent Power. The issue was for it an internal one. The attitude of Berlin was, of course, one of entire solidarity, but not one of initiative.

The now published debates of the Austro-Hungarian Council show an appalling levity and chauvinism, especially in Ministers of Slav origin, and here, we think, lies the first, and at this stage the heaviest, responsibility for the war. The balance of evidence is that Berlin was not privy to the terrible ultimatum addressed to Serbia. As for the German 'Crown Council,' that is as certainly a war-time myth as the later corpse-factory. Berlin at this stage backed Austria, upheld the thesis that the handling of the Serb menace was her internal affair, kept the lists for her, and rejected Sir Edward Grey's first proposal of mediation.

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A change in Germany's attitude came about with the acceptance by Serbia of all but the last humiliations involved in the ultimatum. The Kaiser's view was that Austria ought to have been satisfied. As warnings arrived from London, the Chancellor became alarmed and apprehensive. Much too late in the day Berlin realized that this 'internal' Austrian question was really the prelude to a possible world-war. Sir Edward Grey asked him to 'press the button.' He did press it. There is now no doubt about the authenticity of those warning, pleading, almost threatening telegrams to Vienna. At last Berlin did really back the Grey proposal in its drastically modified form.

Austria went her way, paid no heed, and for the second time did her part to render war inevitable. Why this rash independence? Was it that she judged the pleadings of Berlin to be insincere? We do not think so. She knew very well that Berlin dare not let her be smashed by Russia, however recklessly she might behave. She may also have known or guessed that Russia also would so act as to incur her share of responsibility. And so Russia did, in fact. The details and consequences of the Russian general mobilization were a tabooed theme in all Allied countries during the war.

There is no excuse for this silence today. Not all the facts are accurately known. The Russians 'lied,' as General Suchomlinoff admitted in his trial, to each other, to their Tsar, to their opponents, and also to their Allies. We are not even now perfectly clear whether the general mobilization may not have dated from the twenty-eighth or even from the twenty-fifth of July. It was indisputably and officially in full swing on the thirtieth. That suffices for our purpose, and we need not here attempt to disentangle the lies.

The broad fact is then that, apart from the local Austrian mobilization against Serbia, Russia took the first fatal step to a world war by ordering a general mobilization. That is, even for the lay mind, an evidently grave step. It is the first resort to deeds. It was commonly said during the war that the axiom that mobilization is equivalent to a declaration of war is a principle of Prussian militarism. Even on that showing the case against Russia is strong. She knew this 'idiosyncrasy' of the German mind very well. So did London. So did Paris. Warnings reached her from every side, from us, from the French, and from the Germans direct.

Knowing very well that the Germans would regard a general mobilization as equivalent to war, she none the less mobilized generally.

This axiom that mobilization means war was not a specifically German doctrine. It was just as much a Russo-French doctrine. It is embedded in plain, categorical words in the military convention attached to the Franco-Russian Alliance. It had been expounded in official memoranda and orders of the day long years before the war broke out. It was the basis of the Entente system.

We are content, for our own part, to record the tentative impression that the main direct guilt for the war falls not on Germany so much as on the Austrian and Russian official cliques. But if that is a personal impression, we claim something more for the conclusion that the doctrine of Germany's exclusive guilt is a disreputable myth. There is a more practical conclusion. The whole body of the Treaties rests on this myth. The foundation is as rotten as the superstructure.

Germany was not innocent; far from it. She had her own part in the causation of the war, and the violation of

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Belgium was her peculiar crime. But it is equally true, on a long view at least of history, that no other Power was innocent, not even Edwardian England. But the myth of Germany's sole responsibility still deludes the masses in the victor lands. It corrodes the minds of the vanquished with the sense that nowhere in the world is there justice or the hope of justice. It perpetuates our jungle of wild beasts, and German students murder to-day as Serb students murdered in 1914. If we are to reconstruct, it must be with truth as the foundation.

We conclude with a proposal. However useful the investigations of isolated students or unofficial committees may be, they are not authoritative. To clear up this tangle we need a tribunal as expert and as authoritative as civilization can produce. It is, we think, a problem rather for historians than for lawyers. We suggest that the rectors of the neutral universities should meet together, and appoint a commission of historians to hear evidence, to open archives, and to frame conclusions. The League of Nations is the proper body to put this charge upon the universities.

AN INTERVIEW WITH BERGSON

BY DOCTOR JOHN LANDQUIST

From *Neue Freie Presse, August* 19
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

Henri Bergson, the eminent French scholar whose philosophy has wrought a revolution in human thought comparable only to that which Kant wrought in the last century, has retired from his position as lecturer in the Collège de France, upon the completion of his sixtieth year, in order to devote himself entirely to writing. It was not without a pleasurable thrill that I met for the first time the teacher who has meant more to me than any other person among the living and the dead. Bergson resides in a neighborly, commonplace street in one of the remoter suburbs of Paris. He occupies alone a little house hemmed in by higher buildings on both sides, whose window gratings and impassive façade seem to survey the city's passing life with half-closed eyes.

Bergson is a little, slender man, with a slight stoop. He is vivacious, but not to excess either in speech or in gesture. His head is noble, but does not betray his Jewish descent. In fact, he seems to rise above professional and racial characteristics. When he discusses a subject in which he is interested his eyes light up with a fire that is simultaneously neutral and intense.

I asked him how he came to discover his philosophical ideas. He replied: 'My philosophical career was a surprise to me. When I was a young teacher in a provincial town I had leisure to interest myself in philosophical subjects. My specialty at that time was the natural sciences. I was as good a determinist as you could find anywhere. I studied Spencer and valued him highly on account of his matter-of-

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fact common sense. However, I noticed that when he dealt with mathematical problems, and with certain fields of natural science, he was obscure, so I applied myself to a critique of these features of his philosophy.

'I speedily discovered that in developing his philosophical theory of evolution he had never stopped to analyze the concept of time. This led me into an entirely new field of investigation, to which I had hitherto given no attention: our inner life. The concept of time led me to the concept of freedom. I endeavored to establish scientifically the new view that I had formed as a result of this investigation, in my *Essai sur les données immediates de la conscience.* But I was aware all the time that I was observing my facts only from one side. Man is not only soul but also body. So I next took up the study of the connection between the soul and the body. It required five years of constant study to master the literature of the relation of the brain to physical life. The conclusions that I reached formed the material for my book, *Matière et mémoire.*

'Almost all modern philosophers are determinists. That is due to the high development of our natural sciences and the incomplete development of our moral sciences. For this reason we have taken the natural science aspect of the world as a model of the world as a whole. It is also much easier to be a determinist. If we interpret the universe from the determinist's point of view, everything seems clear and logical. The determinist generally has the better in a debate. But the adherent of free will and self-determination must discover the nature of the immediate bond between ourselves and the universe. The determinist takes as the data for his speculations something that is itself a speculation.

'Philosophers must submerge themselves in reality — *se plonger dans la réalité.* Most philosophers establish a contact with reality at one point. But thereafter they disregard it in order to shape their thoughts into a symmetrical system. I believe that the day of personal systems of philosophy has passed. No man can comprehend the whole compass of reality. Truth is like a diamond with a thousand facets. A philosopher must submerge himself anew in reality whenever he addresses himself to each new field of research. Only thus can he keep in constant contact with the truth.'

Bergson asked me to explain more at length my views upon the historical concept and intuition, as sketched in my book upon human knowledge. In that connection he observed: 'Our philosophy of history is still almost a virgin field. Our historians, like our philosophers, try to compel their materials to conform to the analogies of natural science. I believe it is a mistake to imagine that mass movements are the determining movements in history. We assume that because we proceed from false premises. The more deeply we submerge ourselves in the world of historical facts, the more weight we are compelled to attach to the influence of the individual. Naturally the masses have their importance in the history of the human race.

'The influence of great leaders may, I think, be summarized thus: A great statesman is first and foremost a man who has an eye for impossibilities. He wastes no energy attempting to attain the unattainable. He takes no interest in what is not practicable. But there are various degrees of possibility. There is no hard and fast line between the possible and the impossible. A great man stamps his personality upon an epoch by selecting things that are remotely possible and bringing them within the sphere of commonly ac-

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cepted possibilities. I believe that upon the whole the individual makes history.'

I told Bergson that in Scandinavia we had debated whether his theories led toward clericalism or conservatism. Bergson smiled. 'I also have been accused of being a revolutionist. I saw an article by Georg Brandes upon this subject. It displeased me because he did not understand the subject and wrote with preconceived ideas; and yet he is an eminent man. Furthermore, here in France our people have grown out of their old party shells; only the dead crusts of our parties still survive.'

Bergson is engaged at present upon a number of scientific works. He has partially completed an introduction to philosophy, but has dropped it to take up an investigation of Einstein's theory of relativity. That demands uninterrupted study and thought. Last of all he is preparing to write a book upon ethics. He added in speaking of this: 'But my ideas on the subject are not yet ripe.'

We had been talking for several hours. It was already dusk in his quiet, retired study. The intellect of this little, world-famous scholar seemed to pervade the apartment like an ethereal influence. He is superior to the ordinary passions of man. He is untouched alike by irritation and ambition. His intellectuality has an aristocratic quality that makes him unconscious of himself. The spirit that pervades his home is the spirit of pure science.

He is far above posing or affectation, but he possesses one secret source of joy — joy in knowledge. That is the only purely personal sentiment that seems still to survive in this man of abstract thought.

AN UNOPENED LETTER FROM RUPERT BROOKE

BY 'SOLOMON EAGLE'

['*Solomon Eagle*,' *who contributes a weekly page to the* Outlook, *is, it may be needless to remind our readers, none other than Mr. J. C. Squire, editor of the* London Mercury *and literary critic of the* Observer.]

From the *Outlook, September* 9
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

A time comes, as all husbands know, when litter simply has to be cleared away. Beyond a point excess is no longer tolerated; the last drawer was badly needed for something else, and it is intolerable that all the most useful boxes and baskets should be packed with papers which have never even been reconsidered, much less sorted and arranged. Well enough to keep, in a tidy manner, what you really want to keep; but it is intolerable to scatter the whole house with dumps of papers put down promiscuously, and most of them of no earthly interest to anyone. 'For heaven's sake,' says a voice, to which conscience can find no valid answer, 'at least go through them and get some sort of order into them. I'm certain you 'll find most of them to be utter rubbish.'

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Last week the familiar sentences were addressed to myself, and this time with effect. I had long been convinced, and was now at last moved to action. There is nothing like doing things thoroughly. 'I will bring out the lot, look at them all, and classify what I shall keep,' I said. So next morning I went off to one of those fascinating shops where they keep dumb secretaries, card indexes, roll-top desks, duplicators, and a miscellany of other engaging constructions in cardboard, lacquered metal, and varnished wood. There did I buy no fewer than thirty-six large blue boxes with labels on them: I might as well, I thought, provide for the future while I was about it.

A powerful lorry arrived with them in the evening, and, with an expanse of clear carpet before me, I tumbled out the first batch of written and printed sheets and began, with the emotions of one who has unwillingly contracted himself to walk across the Himalayas, to distribute this kind of document on the table, that kind on the desk, all sorts, including every bill, into a refuse heap, and letters which looked interesting into twenty-four little areas on the floor — for I did not suppose that I could ever have corresponded with anyone whose name began with X or Z, a supposition which has been found correct, not even Q having put in an appearance. Several hours seemed to make no difference; but a whole Saturday and Sunday served to reduce the tide in the first chest of drawers, and produced a vast slag-heap along one side of the room.

Later in the week I was halfway through and going strong, having mastered the technique of rapid inspection and distribution, when I was suddenly held up. I had picked up, on the top of a handful, an envelope which had never been opened, the only one of all those thousands which was in that state: a letter that had never been opened and read. There stuck up at the corner a triangle of paper; the corner had just been ripped with a pencil or my little finger, and the process had not been completed.

Perhaps I had peeped in, and, finding what I expected, thrown the letter aside, having received a duplicate or met the writer during the day and been told it did n't matter. Perhaps I was interrupted by an unexpected caller and dropped it with a heap of papers that were later crammed together, without discrimination, into a drawer. I don't know; I have no memory of it.

But this week, when I recovered the letter, I recognized with a sudden acuteness the handwriting, which an hour or two since I had seen on other letters. 'Is it?' whispered a voice in my brain. My heart went quicker, for I knew it was. I held the envelope, still hard and white, in my hand for a minute while my thoughts raced back. After so long I felt a queer reluctance to complete the unfinished operation, as if there were a sort of profanity in it, as if to do it were to violate a little sanctuary. A little wave of sentimentalism and hypersensitiveness. It passed, and I tore the envelope open.

There it was — a letter from Rupert Brooke, eleven years old and never looked at before. He said nothing much — a few casual, hurried sentences; and he enclosed part of the proofs of his first book, which appeared some weeks later. So there were the proofs, too, miraculously unsoiled, in an uncanny preservation, unnaturally young, with the air of things that have been embalmed. What would have happened to them had they been taken out eleven years ago? In all probability they would have been soon thrown away; at best by now they would be crumpled and yellow instead of crisp and clean as they are.

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I paused as I saw the familiar lines of *The Fish*, then known to only a few people, and only halfway toward publication. I thought of all that had happened since. All the talk then was of Ulster and the House of Lords and the vigorous youth of the Labor Movement. Brooke was still sauntering about Cambridge, provoking speculations and predictions, which never counted on a war, or a grave in the Ægean. The letter seemed a new letter; in a manner it had only just reached its destination; it was difficult to believe that the life which beat in it had long ago, seven years ago, ended, and that most of his generation were gone, too, left behind and already half forgotten in a world which has little time for the past.

It brought with it scenes from that past vividly realized, and revived stray pictures of Brooke himself, which had been overlaid by later memories of him. He was only twenty-four then, certain of a Fellowship, seeming completely leisured. I can see him as he then was, standing hatless and sunburned in King's Parade, his fair hair ruffled, his gray eyes looking very direct and calm, a smile around his parted lips. I stand beside him at a window, looking over the Embankment and the river in twilight, while he remarks occasionally on the lights and the amusingness of the sky-signs. I am in a crowd of young and excited men and women, talking politics; he sits on a window seat above them, comfortable, but detached. I am at a smoking party of men, and late at night he stands in the doorway, having entered silently, a blue soft shirt on, a carefully careless black tie. He always had that way of appearing like a man of the Arabian Nights to whom the friendly genie has given the enchanted carpet and the ring of invisibility.

He entered like that, easily, quietly, from the South Seas, and again from the flames and night marches of those few days at Antwerp; there was a mild radiance about him; the face could harden, but not into grimness; it was difficult to imagine his self-possession deserting him even amid scenes of the greatest excitement and danger.

So there that letter has been, pressed tight all these years in a drawer which would scarcely open, so full it was; squeezed between bills and programmes, notes making appointments, letters from Nigeria and China written by young men who are now living in the London suburbs, fathers with families. . . . Haphazard, in sporadic batches they were thrown in there when their fellows, equally chancily, went into waste-paper basket or fire. Most of them after their long reprieve have at last gone. One at least will not.

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AT SALAMIS

BY D. F. BRUNDRIT

From the *Manchester Guardian, June* 23
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

I HAVE never let a travel agency seduce my darling independence from my side by the bribe of a smooth and luxurious conducted tour. I prefer gayly to set out in the morning without thought of the evening. One gets the full enjoyment out of this method of traveling only by having a vague purpose, a figure set up to be toppled down. It is the way, I own, of a gambler, wasteful and inefficient. But the rewards, when they come, are ample and delightful in their unexpectedness.

A week or two ago I had one of my lucky days. I had set out early in the morning from my hotel in Athens with the vague purpose of getting a train to Eleusis. My method allows me to look up a time-table, but I had not done so. When I arrived at the station I found that there were only two trains to Eleusis and that they had both already gone, at 6 and 6.30 A.M. I debated whether I should trudge over the Sacred Way or try to find a boat at the Piræus. It was hot and I decided in favor of the boat.

At the quay I found a boat, full of people carrying provisions in large baskets, which I was told was just about to sail for Salamis. I reckoned that I should be slightly nearer Eleusis after the voyage than before, and a harbor lounger told me that there was always an afternoon boat from Salamis to Eleusis. This was enough for me, and I went aboard.

The women were fat and uninterested, but I could see at once that the men were intrigued by the presence of an obvious foreigner. An anonymous travel-writer of the third century B.C. says that the people of Attica are 'curious about the lives of foreigners.' This trait has in the intervening two thousand odd years spread over the whole of Greece. The apparent exemption of the women is due, I suspect, only to custom and a total ignorance of foreign languages. I was soon surrounded by a motley crowd of inquisitive friends, frankly agog with interest as to my family affairs and my income.

One little man, not much better dressed than the others and whose shaving-day did not fall apparently more often, seemed willing to be friendly on less onerous conditions. He was, he said, a merchant at the Piræus, and he offered to show me the way about when we arrived at Salamis. In an interval from fencing with my questioners I accepted.

When we got ashore he took me to see the site of ancient Salamis. We clambered over rocks where nothing could live but asphodel and goats, and finally came upon one drum of a temple column and a breakwater jutting out into a little bay. Here, I was told, was fought the great battle of Salamis. The bay was not more than two hundred yards wide. Themistocles must indeed have been a past master in subtlety to have lured the whole Persian fleet in here. The Greeks have, I thought, a lively but inaccurate appreciation of their own history. I said yes.

My new-found friend insisted that I should come and lunch with him at his

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villa. Though I do not exclude time-tables, I do exclude forethought for meals. I accepted gratefully. We clambered over some more rocks and descended on another little bay. The villa was of white stucco, the first of a row, and just on the edge of a sea that was the liveliest of blue. In the next-door villa, he said, lived a Venizelist ex-Minister — evidently at a judicious but not inaccessible distance from Athens. A ragged-looking servant came out to meet us and greeted my friend with genuine warmth. There was a hurried consultation as to available provisions. I hastened to say that I was a person of simple tastes. The servant was sent off to get some resined wine, while we went into the villa.

X—— (we had by this time exchanged names) installed me in a chair on the balcony, while he with his coat off busied himself in preparing lunch. The balcony looked out over the bay of Salamis with its little island of Psyttaleia on to Attica. One could follow the coast right down to Cape Colonna. There towered the four Athenian bastions of Ægaleus and Parnes, Pentelikon and Hymettus. In the semicircular basin at their foot was the Athenian plain with the three hills of Lycabettus, the Acropolis, and Munychia clearly visible.

The Parthenon stood out well defined in that weather-beaten glow, of which Pericles and Ictinus can never have dreamed. In the old days I could, no doubt, have seen from here Athena's bronze helmet and the bronze tip of her spear flashing their welcome to the returning sailors.

I suddenly remembered that to-day was the King's birthday. Perhaps at that very moment Constantine XII was riding in state through the city.

My friend called me in to lunch. There were cold meat and German sausage, cheese of goat's milk, and a Cretan orange. The room was bare but perfectly clean. One window looked out over the balcony where I had been sitting, another looked on to X——'s garden of young fruit trees, figs and olives and mulberries and oranges, and on to the Salaminian hills above. The servant handed us our meat and sat down at the other end of the table to eat his own. My host and I gossiped, and the servant occasionally joined in.

X—— was, I gathered, a farmer's son from the Vale of Sparta. He had, after leaving the local school, made money as a merchant, and now had houses at Athens and Marseille as well as villas both at Salamis and Spatra. His literary enthusiasms were divided between Homer and Spartan history. Two of his sons he had called Agamemnon and Achilles, two more were named Leonidas and Agesilaus, while to the fifth he had given his ideal name for a man, Menelaus.

But alas! he had not been able to crown all by giving his daughter the name of Helen. His wife had insisted that she should be called Basilissa after her grandmother.

When lunch was ended the servant was sent out to make Turkish coffee. X—— began to talk about politics. 'We had a great man,' he said sadly. Suddenly he got up from his chair and pulled a cord. A curtain slid, and there was revealed a portrait of the Triumvirate of Saloniki with Venizelos in the middle, Gudouriotis on his right, and Danglis on his left. I could not help thinking of the compulsory portraits of Constantine and Sophie that one finds in every inn. There was little difference in the badness of the drawing or in the vileness of the color. We raised our glasses in silence. The picture was then covered up.

What sort of reception was the King getting just across the water? X——

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must have come over to avoid the show. I felt much as if I had stumbled upon an eighteenth-century Highland chief.

The papers next day said that Constantine had had a rapturous reception. I thought of X—— and the Venizelist ex-Minister having a great week-end talk over the past and shaking their heads over the present.

NIZHNI NOVGOROD FAIR

BY A SWISS-RUSSIAN

[*The revival of the famous Fair at Nizhni Novgorod the present year lends interest to this description of the Fair as it used to be in former days.*]

From *Journal de Genève, September 5*
(Swiss Liberal-Democratic Daily)

Our steamer was gliding through the sleepy waters of a broad river, confined on either hand by sandy banks. Long processions of heavily laden barges ascended and lines of rafts half a mile long or more descended its sluggish current. Great flocks of shrieking gulls pursued our steamer. The sun sank behind the western horizon. As we came abreast of a village, the faint sounds of an accordion and of singing reached us across the water. Twilight darkened slowly into night; the outlines of the river became indistinct; one by one the sounds of daily labor were stilled, and the silence was broken only by the regular plashing of our paddle wheels in the water. As the stars came out, I installed myself comfortably in a deck-chair, to contemplate the repose of nature.

But my attention was soon diverted by a white gleam on the horizon directly ahead. It rapidly grew larger, and our steamer seemed to increase her speed as we approached it. Soon myriads of lights were distinguishable through the darkness; Bengal fires flared, long lines of illumination flashed out and vanished in dazzling rhythm. It was as if we were debouching into a sea of electric radiance. What did this immense and fantastic world of light betoken? The Nizhni Novgorod Fair, the great Volga festival.

From the middle of June to the first of October this little city of 120,000 people lodged, fed, and entertained nearly a million visitors. The evening breeze bore to our ears the sound of distant orchestras, of singing, of shouts, of cheering — all mingled in a barbarous medley. Thousands of theatres, merry-go-rounds, cinemas, and restaurants were now visible, some floating on the waters of the Volga and the Oka, others in the town itself, or set up in the neighboring fields. The steamer stopped at the Fair Wharf. Our passengers were swept away and lost in the crowd; and I soon found myself making a round of the theatres and restaurants, where all the world forgot the labors of the day in the diversions of the night.

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My first impression, under the vast glass domes of the main exhibition-hall, was surprise at the display of elegance and fashion that greeted me. Everywhere I saw beautiful women in the latest Paris modes. People were drinking, dancing, amusing themselves in a thousand ways. Every language in the world was spoken. The walls of the great hall, which is shaped like a cross, were formed of the show-windows of the finest shops at the Fair. They were two stories high, and a large balcony encircled the whole interior of the building. Each evening this great apartment was converted into a café-concert.

But the beautiful calm night soon invited me outside again. I strolled leisurely toward the wharf from which the ferry leaves for the city proper, across the Oka. A broad avenue, as light as day, led thither. Several columns of carriages were moving slowly back and forth, in such a compact procession that they were compelled to maintain the same rate of speed. Tramcars hastened on their way, crowded with passengers anxious to get back to their hotels. In the distance two rows of lights, ascending almost vertically, marked the line of the funiculars that connected the levee district, called Nizhni Bazaar, with the main portion of the city on the heights above.

Early the following morning I sallied forth to see the Fair. On the levee were piled enormous pyramids of Turkish melons, watermelons, and baskets filled with wonderful grapes that scented the air with their sweet odors. I stared with astonishment at these immense heaps of fruit, which sometimes reached the height of a two-story building. On every hand were shops, booths, and counters filled with every Oriental delicacy. Vendors shouted the names of strange dainties and confections: *Rakhàt-loukùm*, *nougàt*, *kishmìsh*, *urùk*, *sheptalà*, and other preserved fruits of the Orient. Strange, outlandish people thronged the streets and passages, their Oriental costumes making splashes of brilliant color against the sombre background of European garb.

All the East was here to buy and sell, together with its women and children in their national costumes. You saw the red fezzes of the Turks, followed by their wives wearing broad red or blue Turkish trousers and cloaked in enormous silk shawls, their faces, except for their brilliant eyes, veiled under a black cloth.

Then there were Persians, Sart, and Turkomans, wearing long gaudy silk khilats, and distinguished from each other only by their headdress. Intermingled with these were Hindus, with their bronze furrowed faces and bright turbans, Chinese, Mongolians, and Japanese. All Siberia, all Russia, and all Europe were formerly represented here.

Out of this exotic throng, clamorous with all the tongues of Babel, men isolated themselves for a moment in your attention by offering you precious stones from the Urals, Persian rugs, Siberian furs, and Oriental pearls. The shops overflowed with merchandise from all parts of the globe. One passed in kaleidoscopic succession the products of every clime and hemisphere. Prices also caught the attention: grapes one cent a pound; a great Tchardjoui melon, a heavenly delicacy unfortunately not known in Western Europe, for five cents; the most luscious pears I ever ate at three and one half cents for ten. And these delicious things came all the way from Turkestan!

A small skin of beautiful ermine used to cost the equivalent of a dollar; for a hundred rubles, or fifty dollars, one could purchase a splendid sable; while unperforated Oriental pearls of medium size were priced at from two to eight dollars.

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THE MODERN CHINESE THEATRE

BY GEORGE SOULIÉ DE MORANT

[*M. de Morant is the author of two volumes of translations from the Chinese. The present essay is based on a book entitled* Si-tsiu Ta-Kwan, *written by Liou Ta and published in Shanghai in* 1918.]

From *Mercure de France, August* 15
(CLERICAL CONSERVATIVE BIMONTHLY)

THERE are probably not ten people in the whole Occident to whom the words 'Chinese theatre' call up any image save a whirl of outlandish costumes amid a deafening clangor of gongs and cymbals. The translation of four fourteenth-century plays by Bazin (*Le théâtre chinois*, Paris, 1838); the succinct analysis of about a hundred other plays of the same epoch (*Le siècle des Yuan*, Paris, 1854); a study published in 1886 by General Tcheng Ki-tong (*Le théâtre des Chinois*); a short work in England by Stanton (*The Chinese Drama*, Shanghai, 1899); and the somewhat longer one of Gottschall (*Das Theater und Drama der Chinesen*, Leipzig, 1889) sum up European knowledge on this subject, and a single chapter of my *Essai sur la littérature chinoise* adds a few details on the state of affairs theatrical toward the end of the Manchu dynasty.

The revolution of 1911 and the establishment of the Republic in 1912 gave a noteworthy impulse to dramatic art by abolishing the ancient barriers of costumes and casts. The Western influence, brought back by students returning from schools abroad, has so modified things that the older theatre has been almost wholly transformed: scenes, actors, plays, and stage settings.

One of the most remarkable changes is due to the new custom of publishing plays and books on the drama. Before 1921, there was scarcely a single Chinese work on this subject. Among the literati it was considered good form to affect a contempt for dramatic performances that was as complete as it was insincere, because, as a matter of fact, all these officials took extreme delight in the theatre. The result of this attitude, however, was that the literati did not dare to write plays, and that modern plays exist only in abominable little 32mo editions.

Since the revolution a whole special literature has grown up: general studies, new plays, repertories, and so forth. Among the numerous works, the best that has appeared on theatrical life and actors is perhaps the *Si-tsiu Ta-Kwan*, which one may translate 'A Glance at Theatres and Plays.' It gives a great deal of excellent information and when I was in China I found it of the greatest use in helping me to understand what I saw on the innumerable stages of Peking, Shanghai, and other large cities.

As for the influence of the theatre upon the people, it was already immense before the revolution, and has increased since that time. Among the 450 or 500 millions who live in the eighteen provinces, there is not a soul, rich or poor, young or old, who does not go to a play of some sort several times a year. There is not a village without its stage — either in a temple or in the principal square; and even when there

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is no building ready at hand, a platform is quickly set up. Tours through the provinces are organized and the players come regularly to each region. On an occasion of special solemnity, subscriptions are taken to bring in a traveling troupe. There is not a marriage or a great reception without its spectacle, and the population knows the greater number of the plays by heart.

Laborers sing passages while they work. Children in the street imitate the attitudes of the warriors or reproduce whole scenes. When you question the literati, they have at first disdainful smiles, as they have for everything that is not a part of the Doctrine of the Sage; but in intimate conversation they do not hesitate to sing in falsetto their favorite bits and to give a thousand picturesque details of the lives of the actors, whom they elegantly term the 'Companions of the Pear Orchard,' *Li-yuann tse-ti*, an allusion to the garden in which, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Emperor Siuann-tsong Ming Rwang-ti was accustomed to have interpreted before him pantomimes in song and dance — the Noh plays of Japan. One who is intimately acquainted with the popular plays is much amused to observe the direct influence of some drama or celebrated comedy upon the attitude, physical, moral, or intellectual, of the people and the officials.

The halls where the performances are given (*si-trae* or *wu-trae*) are in process of transformation. Formerly they were always in the form of a rectangle. At one side projected a platform (*trae* or terrace), which was surrounded by spectators and had an overhanging balcony around three sides. Little square tables were scattered irregularly in the hall and in the balconies; and in making reservations one ordered not a seat, but a table. Tea, cakes, and other refreshments were served during the plays. It is a curious sight to see the disturbance that reigns, people coming and going, talk and laughter, waiters hurrying from one end of the hall to the other with their rolls of towels soaked in boiling water, with which it is customary to wipe the face during the repast — in short, a general uproar scarcely permits one to follow the play itself.

The first modification introduced was the substitution for the little tables of long narrow ones, arranged at right angles to the stage. The spectators took their places on benches at each side.

Such were the Yen-si-trang and the Kwang-te-liou theatres at Peking. Then the tables were abandoned altogether and rows of benches were chosen instead, furnished with diminutive taborets on which the spectator might place his tea and cakes. Last of all, the benches were replaced by armchairs, as in the Ti-y Wu-trae at Peking. The lighting, at first a matter of oil lamps and candles, was changed to petrol lamps, and then to electricity. As yet there is no heat; and if the temperature hovers around 20° Centigrade, as it very frequently does in Peking, it is no great matter to the Chinese, wrapped in their innumerable fur-trimmed robes with their warm headdresses and their thick fur boots, although the poor foreigner with his thin felt hat and calfskin shoes may suffer.

The price of seats is not very high. In the *tcheng-leou* or 'true balcony' — a kind of box placed on each side of the stage and above it — a table accommodating from four to six people — costs altogether only four or five Mexican dollars, or about three dollars. Along the side of the theatre, the *pao-siang* or 'covered pavilion,' which seats from eight to ten people, costs about six piasters, and a table for four in the *prang-leou*, which is also situated on the side of the theatre, costs a piaster. In the

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balcony proper, or *leou-chang*, which is so placed that it faces the stage, a seat costs 25 cents in Mexican money or about twelve and a half cents in American money.

In the beginning the stage was nothing but a terrace. Two doors opened on it from the rear. The one at the left of the spectators was called *tsiang-tchrou* — 'exit of the marshals,' or entrance to the stage. The other was called the *tsiang-jou* — 'exit of the ministers, 'or exit from the stage. There was no curtain and, according to Shakespearian usage, no stage setting. The orchestra had a place on the stage itself, between the two doors. Later a kind of alcove in the wall was used, so as to give more room on the stage, and a curtain was stretched to form two stages, one behind the other, so that it was possible to get properties ready behind the curtain while the play was going on in front of it; and of late stage settings have been used in the Ti-y Wu-trae of Peking and Sinn Wu-trae of Shanghai. The actors' dressing-rooms and the foyer consist merely of a large room behind the stage. There, amid jokes, the songs of those who are trying a last-minute rehearsal of their rôles, and calls for the next to go on, one may see the comings and goings of dazzling warriors in sparkling armor, imitation ladies in magnificent robes, and bachelor dandies. To-day the foyer (*reou-trae*) still exists behind the stage, but the dressing-rooms are often constructed all around it.

In the beginning actors and cast included men only; feminine rôles were entrusted to adolescent boys. About 1900 there was a theatre in Shanghai where all the parts were played by women, and since the revolution of 1911 there have been theatres in certain coast towns, where men and women act in the same company. Indeed, feminine rôles are sometimes entrusted to men or women without distinction, and the same indifference is observed in assigning masculine rôles — a custom which gives the auditor a curious impression.

The talents demanded in the actors (*ling-jen*) are numerous, for the greater part of the plays are sung and danced. Mimicry is studied with much patience and great art; it is infinitely superior to that of our best artists. Elocution and diction are based upon the study of phonetics, and in this respect it is curious to find in this system of instruction, which dates from remote antiquity, a division of sounds that closely approximates our own recent discoveries. The Chinese recognize, first, 'lip sounds' (*tchroun-yn*), which are a combination of our dental and our so-called whispering sounds (*j* and *ch* in French, or *sh* in English), as in the words *tchrwan, tchwei, tchrou*, and so forth; second, 'teeth sounds' (*tchre-yn*), which correspond to our sibilant or whistling sounds, as in *sinn, sann, seou;* third, 'tongue sounds' (*che-yn*), which correspond to our labials; fourth, 'throat sounds' (*reou-yn*), which correspond to our gutturals; fifth, 'palate sounds' (*trang-yn*), our palatals; sixth, 'nose sounds' (*pi-yn*), our nasals.

Faults in elocution have amusing names. 'To eat snails' (*thre-lo-se*) is to substitute nondescript sounds for the forgotten words in a song. 'Pour water' (*fang chwei*) is the name for replacing one word by another. And there are also 'three legs' (*sann trao-trwei*), to omit a word; 'shoot the arrow' (*la-che*), when the voice breaks on a high note; and many another. An ancient tradition also imposes a special pronunciation for certain words, *tsing* for *tsiang*, 'tone,' and *tsienn* for *lienn*, 'face.'

Singing, which is mostly on the high notes, requires a special training. Men and women alike cover a range from alto to high soprano, which the West considered a remarkable gift in Madame Alboni. At sixty years of age, the

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celebrated Trann Tsinn-pei, who had a range of two octaves and a half, easily reached the *si* of the upper octave. The lower registers are unknown, and in this respect there is a great contrast with the amazing depth of the Russian bass voices. This constant use of head tones gives a curious character to masculine rôles.

The art of dancing is an indispensable accomplishment in the actor, who must practise the swift and graceful movements of the pastoral ballets as well as the violent steps of the warlike dances, which are in reality a mixture of boxing, fighting, and fencing. To see some of the elegant ballets like the *siao fang-niou*, one might think that our own best classic danseuses had drawn their art from Chinese sources, without, however, finding there such unnatural deformation as our points and sidesteps.

The schools of dramatic art are still organized under a system of apprenticeship. Old actors, who have retired from the stage, take young pupils between the ages of six and seven years wholly under their care, after signing a contract that ensures the instructor a percentage of the child's earnings until the age of twenty or twenty-one. They begin to act at from twelve to thirteen. At Mukden, however, a conservatory for actors has been in existence for several years.

The life of Chinese actors is even more filled with drudgery than that of their Occidental brothers, for there is a matinée and an evening performance every day, the first from one to five o'clock, the other from seven to half-past eleven. Each actor has a musician assigned to him, who rehearses with him in the morning and accompanies him at the performances, so that a new musician cannot deliberately make a false note or change tempo so as to confuse the actor. Violent jealousy reigns on the boards of the Chinese theatre, and actors eat and drink nothing except what their families prepare. Otherwise poisoning would be too easy.

The costumes are of incredible richness and bizarre quality. Some are cut after ancient patterns, but many others are the creation of pure fantasy, such, for example, as the enormous headdress with a thousand swaying balls which the dancing girls wear. As for the art of make-up, it surpasses anything that we know about. Besides using red and white paint, the Chinese actors disguise themselves, according to the rôles they are playing, as apes, as swine, even as tigers. All kinds of blazonry is carried on the body — lines, curves, blue, green, and red dots, and special markings for each famous personage of antiquity. White paint on the nose is reserved for clowns and traitors.

The social position of the artists is coming to be more and more in correspondence with their success, as is the case in the Occident. Formerly they were very much looked down upon, and were often slaves who had been bought by the impresario; but this is so no longer. Trann Tsinn-pei received in 1901 the title of Manchu of Beile, which corresponds to the grade of a baron or viscount. Tchreng Tchang-keng wears a decoration of the fifth rank, and his sons are governors of department. Wang You-tchren is a former major of infantry. The fortunes of these men explain the increasing respect that they command. At Shanghai, in 1901, Trann Tsinn-pei was paid 7000 Mexican dollars a month, or about $4500. The celebrated Mei Lang-fang, who is about thirty years old, receives $100,000 a year. Young Leou Si-kwei, the star of the Tienn-ro-ynann theatre, has amassed a fortune of two and a half millions since he became an actor at thirteen. But of course all actors are not so fortunate.

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Curiously enough, the names of the actors of the past are almost unknown. Their renown seems to have died with their contemporaries, but a few modern actors have left immortal reputations. Of these is Trann Tsinn-pei, who died in 1917 at the age of seventy-five. He was born at Hanyang, near Hankow, and his father also was an actor of reputation. Trann was so rich and had such powerful friends that on three occasions he refused to act before the redoubtable Empress Dowager, though he ended his days at the Palace, where he lived from 1905 to 1908, heaped with honors, ennobled, and almost a billionaire. He often played at Shanghai, at the Sinn Wu-trae, between 1908 and 1913, in the parts of a noble father and of a military counselor.

To-day, Mei Lan-fang enjoys a universal reputation, which is justified by his suppleness, and the strength and sweetness of his voice. He interprets with equal skill the rôles of a leading man or of a girl in love. He was born in 1890, and his charm has turned everybody's head. The great English actor and impresario, Robert Loraine, has made up his mind to bring him to England next year with a troupe. Wang Fong-tsing, Yu Tchen-ting, Yang Siao-kou, and Wang You-tchren are some of the other most famous actors of our day.

It is a remarkable fact that actresses often reach the height of their fame at thirteen. Mlle. Leou Si-kwei, at sixteen, was received with thunders of applause when she came upon the stage. Mlle. Sou Lan-fang filled the theatres of Yen-si-trang and Kwang-te-liou. The exactness of her acting, the freshness and power of her voice, give her rank among the great artists of her time. To-day she is but seventeen. Mlle. Tou Yun-rong is not yet twenty. Mlle. Li Fong-ya is a woman warrior of extraordinary ease and grace. Mlle. Tchang Y-tsinn plays men's rôles and possesses a superb contralto. We may also mention Mlle. She San-tran, who is now forty-seven, Tchao Tsre-yun, Sia Siang-chroei, and the three Fou sisters.

RELIGION AND INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM

BY SENATOR ALESSANDRO CHIAPPELLI

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We are all aware that the reason why many lofty and liberal intellects throughout the centuries, from Lucretius to Voltaire, from Protagoras to Nietzsche, have been hostile to religion was their conviction or assumption that religious experience consisted essentially in recognizing the despotism of a superior power. Schleiermacher recognized this attitude of submission and dependence as the essential and peculiar quality of religion in history. This prostration of the believing soul before a mysterious and absolute power, this subordination of the intellect to a divine mystery, seemed to these great authors to suppress and annul the spiritual liberty that con-

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stitutes the vital atmosphere wherein alone scientific truth and research can live and thrive.

The remote and primitive forms of animal and devil worship, whether in prehistoric ages or surviving among savage tribes to-day, the mystical, magical, theurgic rites of the ancient religions of historical times, the acts of sacrifice, propitiation, and expiation prescribed in ancient liturgies, the cults associated with religion in all its various forms since human records began, seemed to be, and were truly to a great extent, an immolation of the individual to an unknown power; they were shackles that restrained the soul and prevented its free action. It is no wonder, therefore, that the modern mind, believing as it does in liberty of thought and government, should repudiate this spiritual servitude.

To be sure, modern criticism has forced us to abandon the old etymology of the word *religio*, which was supposed to mean primarily the social bond holding together a religious community, or the spiritual bond joining men to a superior and omnipotent Deity: '*Primus in orbe deos fecit timor*' (Fear first made gods in the world). Nevertheless it is indisputable that such religion implied a bond that made unhappy finite man the bondsman of an infinite invisible power. Whether we trace the root of the religious faculty to the ethical principle, like Kant, or to sentiment, like Schleiermacher, or to the imaginative, mythopœic instinct, like Hegel, it cannot be questioned that the free exercise of the reasoning faculty, to which we owe our science and our speculative philosophy, menaces the very existence of that faculty.

To this we may add a second historical fact: the religion that originates from the spontaneous intuitions of our nature invariably and necessarily tends to assume a static form, of mechanically accepted ideas of life and reality, of sacred traditions, of ecclesiastical institutions, of creeds and dogmas, whose effect is to confine the intercourse of the individual with the Divine to priestly channels and to legalistic and ritual observances, thereby inhibiting the free action of the spirit, which is suffocated under the dead letter of the law. What was spontaneous inspiration with the first generation of believers becomes cold orthodoxy with the next generation; and every attempt to interpret or to innovate in the field of religious thought is ultimately rejected as heresy, and blasted with anathema.

However, this very alternation of creative periods and of static periods in the history of religious belief proves how universal the spirit of liberty is in all religion. That spirit constantly reincarnates itself like a Phœnix rising from its ashes. It is these periods of revival and innovation that we must study, and not the periods of immobility and institutionalism, if we wish to discover the content of truth, the vital spark in religious life. To be sure, we cannot neglect entirely the other periods. They must be compared and investigated; but we cannot attain any certainty regarding the essential principle of religion and its content of truth, — *Wahrheitsgehalt*, as Eucken says, — unless we study religion as manifested in personal religious experience.

Our point of departure here will be that indicated by Schleiermacher, a consciousness of dependence; or, to put it in the words of another religious writer, a feeling that we are creatures 'of earth and ashes' face to face with a supreme creative and all-moving omnipotence. However, there is something still back of this. It is true that many of the historical forms of religious life stop at this first and primitive stage of development, which we may call

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the dynamic phase, in which the Deity is conceived merely as a power to be propitiated, placated, adored, and feared, rather than loved; and it is also true that many elements of this primitive cult of power or of cosmic forces survive in later and more advanced religions as an inheritance from a remote past. At the same time, however, with the progress of civilization and knowledge, the light of reason and ethics gradually penetrates this shady and chaotic labyrinth of personified natural forces and primordial rites. The power attributes of the Deity are reënforced by ethical attributes of justice, wisdom, moral progress, and piety; and there is thus gradually evolved a rational theological system which later forms the basis for a legislative code.

For it is clear that laws can emanate only from a God who is just and provident. For example, in the ancient religion of Israel, the cult of Jehovah, the Lord of Wrath, the supreme power, evolved like a sun breaking through a cloud rift into the new conception of Jehovah as the spirit of wisdom, justice, and moral perfection — a Deity who, if He was not personal, was at least humane. This new conception was the source from which sprang all the legalist religion that is embodied in the Levite Code, and that survived and crystallized in later Hellenic and pre-Christian Judaism.

But another concept had already appeared in the teleological ethics of Messianism — that of the Holy One. This idea of holiness transcends the earlier concepts of the Deity and, so to speak, elevates his moral attributes of love and supreme and inevitable perfection to a higher category. Holiness is a quality of God himself; sacredness is a quality of things relating to the worship of God. The Greeks made this distinction between *osiotes* and *agiotes*, and the Latins between *sanctus* and *sacer;* a God is holy when He is no longer an object of fear, but of love — when He is no longer terrible, nor merely venerable, but adorable. Therefore an Italian philosopher, Terenzio Mamiani, was right in conceiving that the essence of faith was expressed in the act of adoration.

This conception of holiness and its expression in adoration is a belief confined to Hebrew-Christian tradition. In tracing the history of the idea of holiness, and of the words that express it, I have never discovered them in any Oriental religion. Brahma, Ormazd, Amon-Ra, and Osiris were conceived as 'supreme,' 'transcendental,' 'omnipotent,' and also 'wise'; but never as holy in the sense in which the word is used in the sixth chapter of Isaiah, and in the 'Holy Spirit' of the Christians — that is, the spirit that vivifies and sanctifies. Buddha, to be sure, is holy, but only to the extent that he is a sage who has emancipated himself from the desires and the limitations of the flesh, and never as a divinity.

Since God is holy, He is also a redeemer and liberator. The doctrine of salvation is implied in the concept of divine holiness. This is not merely negative liberation, as with the Buddhists, but regeneration and positive redemption, first of the individual, and then of the world. It is divine life that descends upon man as described in Manzoni's Pentecostal Hymn, and is not Dante's Aristotelean and impassive *'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle'* (love that moves the sun and the other planets). While the Eros of Plato is an impulse that ascends from man to the Divine, this holy love descends from above to man, as in the first Epistle of John; and it broods over the whole universe with its spirit of redeeming charity, of which Paul speaks in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians.

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Now this power to emancipate, to redeem, seems to me the real essence of religious experience and the common, more or less consciously conceived, basis of all existing and past religions. It is involved and obscured in such legalistic religions as Judaism and Parsiism. It adopts a purely negative form in Buddhism. It finds its full and unclouded expression in the Messianism of Israel, and in Christianity.

Viewed in a more general way, religious experience is consciousness of spiritual liberty. Man's instinctive impulse to penetrate the mystery of creation and to discover its meaning; his confused consciousness of a vital power working within him, perhaps independently of himself, that is the profound essence of his being; the consciousness, obscure at first, but steadily growing clearer and more explicit, that this vital power is not a divine gift received in its full maturity, but a seed that planted in the soul must be constantly cultivated and cared for until it becomes the principle that inspires all our existence — all this produces in the human mind a feeling that there is a mysterious and profound power that aids man to overcome little by little the difficulties and trials of life, and to liberate himself from the imperfections and impediments that reside within him, and from the tyranny of his appetites and his sins.

This inner germ is an invisible treasure that constitutes, as Paul Sabatier says, what is most human in humanity, precisely because it is the inexhaustible source of his redemption, the perennial fount of his spiritual liberty, the power that, as Heraclitus first said, and Paul confirmed, teaches us to hope against hope, and to yield to no obstacle. Whenever the sorrows of individuals and of nations might otherwise have driven men to desperate rebellion, or to hopeless resignation, this inner voice of liberating religion has ever lifted itself higher, rallied the forces of the soul, fortified the will, and inspired men to continue the good fight.

It has been this hope that has assured men of a life beyond death. This religion has liberated individuals and nations from the servitude of their fears and their despairs, and has pointed out to them a Promised Land; it has redeemed them from the limits of the finite and bestowed upon them the freedom of the infinite.

The religious unity of the human race, both geographical and historical, is based upon this emancipating and idealizing efficacy of the religious concept, which has become increasingly manifest with the progress of civilization. . . . No creed or dogma or verbal dictum can unify the religions of the world, not even the doctrine of divine paternity and the teachings of human brotherhood that flow from it. . . . But true unity is derived from this universal lifting of the soul toward a higher and sanctifying principle; in this effort and through this effort humanity does not escape the sorrows of the world, but confronts them, and draws strength from them for its perennial salvation and liberation.

In this spiritual striving toward an ideal that is neither ascetic nor mystical, in this effort to realize that ideal more completely in ourselves and in others, the soul liberates itself. In the same way that the physical sciences are conquering daily new fields of knowledge in the natural world, so our religious evolution is steadily broadening its conquests in the hearts of humanity. It is all-important that the truth be recognized, that religion in its universal meaning, though superficially and in certain ancient manifestations a shackle upon the intellect, is in reality a liberating principle, and indeed the true foundation of all liberty.

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BETWIXT TWO WORLDS

BY MIRKO JURKIĆ

[Mirko Jurkić is a young Yugoslav writer whose tales of Balkan life are very popular in his country. His portraits of the queer characters that abound in Bosnia are considered his best work. This story is from his Zavrsje, a collection of short stories of western Bosnia.]

SHE had a man's face, parched and wrinkled; only her garments and her bare upper lip indicated that she was a woman. As she walked, her body curled into a hump, her slippers spattered sand about and stirred the dust that covered the heated road.

They called her Ugly.

'Oh, Ugly! Where have you been all these days?' someone shouted. 'Have n't seen you for a spell of gypsy years.'

'Whom are you calling Ugly, you who were born ugly?' she retorted, lifting her head and turning her eyes toward the doorstep of the store, upon which sat a young man, mischievously squinting at her, while an outburst of laughter came from his loitering companions.

'Eh, come on, Ugly, have a cup of coffee with me,' the storekeeper called to her. She glared at him as if she were about to give him, too, a sample of her tongue, when another of the crowd shouted: —

'All right, Ugly, shake your hoof!'

'Ah, shake your old man's tooth!'

'Ugly! Ugly!' came calls from all sides.

'Ugly are your mothers and ugly are your fathers,' she raved, furiously brandishing her heavy stick. She called them names; but that only provoked the more laughter and banter from the insolent idlers.

'She is not Ugly; her name is Shepherd's Crook,' another suggested, to cause more laughing.

'If I should wrap this cane around your ugly head, a son of your mother would forever remember whose name is Shepherd's Crook,' she answered, threatening him. 'You hold your tongue!'

Then she sat down on the doorsill beside the old storekeeper.

'Huska, bring me that coffee.'

'Black?'

'What kind do you think!'

They left her in peace while she drank her coffee. Sitting there, she conversed intelligently with the merchant, who was an old man, and therefore did not jest at Ugly's expense as did others who were younger.

Her coffee finished, she rose, turned her eyes skyward, and crossed herself.

'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Then, shuffling away, she mumbled as she walked a Pater Noster and an Ave Maria, now looking at the sky, then at the ground before her.

'Hey, there!' someone called after her. 'You did n't pay for the coffee.'

'Leave her alone,' said the merchant; 'that was my coffee.'

The sun was still high, as Ugly left the village. She plodded along and stopped by the fence which surrounded the little cemetery.

'Eh, my fool old head!' she muttered to herself, and struck her fist against her brow, turning back to the village.

On the edge of the hamlet stood a low, ancient, ramshackle hut from which

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the thatch was slipping to the ground. She pushed aside the board which served as a door and entered.

Above the hearth were suspended chains, beside it was a kettle; against the wall stood a chest with an array of pots and bowls upon it; in the corners were a churn, two barrels, and couple of three-legged stools.

'The loafers!' Ika — that was her name — sighed, sinking wearily on a stool, and continued aloud: 'And my falcons are not here to protect me. Ah, but they would show them, the miserable porcupines! But it seems my little boys have forsaken me — well, no matter, their mother has not forgotten them!'

She rose and in a twinkling made a fire on the hearth. She filled the kettle with water, hung it on the chain, opened the chest, filled a sieve with flour, and then began sifting it into a dish to make dumplings.

'My Markica!' she again began talking to herself. 'How he loves dumplings — especially well buttered! How the little rascal comes to hug me before he asks me to go catching crabs! And then Jozo! And Bojko!' Then she suddenly awoke from her dream. 'Eh, my poor self, they were taken away from me. Sickness came and took them — what could I do?' she lamented. 'Eight of them were plucked away from me — my eight little peaches.

'Now, Markica, behave yourself!' she said, lifting her head, as she heard a little loose stone drop from the wall. She looked about, but saw no one and shook her head until her disheveled hair resembled the mane of a horse. 'He is not here. Lightning strike them! I said to them: "For God's sake, people, leave me just one of them!" But no, they had to take them all.'

She poked the fire on the hearth, and called: 'Oh, Ivan, is father back from the woods yet?' But no one answered. She thought a little and remembered. 'Oh yes, he too is there! And they must all be starving, my falcons.' She looked at the water in the kettle, exclaiming: 'It is not boiling yet,' hurried out for more wood, and presently returned with an armful of shingles and fence boards, which she split and tossed into the fire. After a while the water began to boil.

'That's it!' she exclaimed, satisfied, thrusting in the ladle to make it boil better. With an air of happiness she took a cake from the chest and placed it in the sieve which she had wiped carefully. 'It's a little burned, but my Miso will like it the better.'

A piece of butter was melting and sizzling in a pan above the fire; the shingles were burning low, and from the kettle issued steam and the smell of Ika's dumplings. She lifted the kettle off the hook and began pouring spoonfuls of melted butter over the dumplings. Then she placed the pot and the sieve with the cake in a bag, together with a bunch of spoons, and left the house.

The sun was setting, and Ika hastened, so she would be on time. People stared after her, but she took no notice. When she reached the cemetery, the crosses were already casting everlengthening shadows; the branches and the leaves of the walnut and the apple trees whispered and gossiped; in the distance birds were chirping querulously as they settled on their roosts.

There in a corner of the cemetery was a row of eight graves. The wooden crosses leaned this and that way; tall grass grew on the mounds, and the ground about them was trampled.

She stopped by the first grave.

'Markica, get up, come to your *majka* and eat!' And she struck with her cane upon the grave, then upon its neighbor where Niko, her oldest, re-

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posed. Beside Niko lay Bojko; beside him Luka, and so on in order until she came to the littlest mound, where Ivan, the baby, slept.

'*Ajte*, children!' called the old woman, and began to lay out the food and the spoons upon the ground.

It was rapidly growing dark and bats began to flit through the air above her. Silent and unresponsive were the graves, but old Ika's eyes were aglow with eagerness.

'Now, Ivané, look out for Marko, sonny. And, Luka, move over a bit and make room for Miso. *Eto*, Miso, what is the matter with you? Tell me, sonny. Now, Markica, you can go into the mountains to-morrow with Dorus; and you, too, Ivané. Oh, my God, you are worse than a little pig! Behave like brothers. You should leave the rest to Markica; he loves butter. And what is your trouble, you little cry-baby?'

Her motherly chiding and chatter could be heard afar in the evening's silence. Darkness now held the cemetery fast in its black embrace. About the old woman loomed the swaying silhouettes of whispering trees and of the gloomy chapel; above, stars twinkled, and occasionally one plunged rashly downward through space.

As the eastern horizon betrayed the first faint flush of a new day, Ika could be seen returning home, carrying the sack on her back, quiet, her eyelids barely open. If a person had happened to meet her then and had observed her closely, he would have seen that her lips were moving in prayer, and that upon her faded, wrinkled cheeks rested peace undisturbed.

THE HAPPY DEAD

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

[*New Witness*]

Happy the English dead who died in vain,
And cannot know how vainly they have died!
Their ghosts may linger in the shadowy lane,
Or wander through the moonlit countryside —
But not a man who chanced to see them move
Would ever dare to speak to them and say,
'The land you made more lovely by your love
Is passing with its ancient pomps away.'

These wore, as kings don ermine for their clothing,
Long-suffering, pain, obedience, fortitude.
Horror and inextinguishable loathing
Were part of all their daily drink and food.
These have endured and died for England proudly —
Let no one tell the bitter truth too loudly!

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A PAGE OF VERSE

TREASURE TROVE

BY DOROTHY COOK

[*Bookman*]

Ivory and ebony and sandalwood and cedar,
Trophy of the Orient, treasure of the trees,
Peacocks of a thousand eyes, apes grotesquely gamboling,
All in a galley on the hot blue seas.

Emeralds in caskets, and milky pearls a-shimmering,
Silken stuffs in rich array, weapons gold inlaid,
Spices of a mystic breath, perfume with a strange allure,
Gold-hilted scimitar with keen cold blade.

Vessels from the banquet halls of a monarch's palaces,
Cups that held the poisoned wine that dimmed a king's eye,
Goblets that have played a part in warrior's carousal nights,
Jeweled all, winking to the blank bleached sky.

Eastern robes voluptuous, shimmering and sumptuous,
Fans that stirred a Pharaoh's hair, green and gold and blue,
Precious stuffs in tumbled bales, careless flung, and billowing,
Tropic birds' feathers of a rich rare hue.

Steadily the flying oars gleam and dip and gleam again,
Darkly shine the Moorish backs, bend and pull and strain.
All aloof the cargo lies, bought by blood, and price of death.
Swift speeds the galley, back to old proud Spain.

THE JEW

BY ISAAC ROSENBERG

[*Poems*]

Moses, from whose loins I sprung,
Lit by a lamp in his blood
Ten immutable rules, a moon
For mutable lampless men.

The blonde, the bronze, the ruddy,
With the same heaving blood,
Keep tide to the moon of Moses.
Then why do they sneer at me?

A MEMORY

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

[*Poetry Bookshop Rhyme Sheet*]

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing;
What a little thing
To remember for years —
To remember with tears!

HEIFERS AT EVENING

BY PERCY RIPLEY

[*Spectator*]

Over the snowy hawthorn now
Come intimations from afar,
Sweet as delighted man and beast
When they beheld the lustrous Star.

The heifers dream beneath the trees,
And to their innocency mild
Christ still within the outhouse sleeps,
Where, too, their mothers were with child.

Quietness within their shining eyes
Is softly orbed, each graceful head,
Responsive, bows to evening's peace:
They worship and are comforted.

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A MORAL DITTY FOR BUSINESS MEN AND SOME OTHER DITTIES

In the London *Chapbook*, an interesting little monthly, albeit of uncertain publication, which emanates from Mr. Harold Munro's Poetry Bookshop, there is a deft and pitiless caricature in verse of a certain type of self-important business man. Mrs. A. Williams-Ellis complains in the *Spectator* that these stanzas are 'a little difficult to scan,' but to many another reader the very lilting indefiniteness of the metre — which, after all, slips blithely enough off the tongue — will seem one of the flippant little poem's chiefest charms. Mr. Humbert Wolfe is the author. The title is 'Thrushes.' It might as well have been 'Daisies,' if those overworked blossoms only were n't so trite.

Now for the poem: —

The City Financier
walks in the Gardens
stiffly because of
his pride and his burdens.

The daisies looking
up observe
only a self-
respecting curve.

The thrushes only
see a flat
table-land
of shiny hat.

He looks importantly
about him,
while all the spring
goes on without him.

It may not be a very great poem, but it will stand a good deal of thinking-over.

One of the agreeable things about the *Chapbook* is its ability to see the humorous — not necessarily the funny — side of life, even in the midst of all its stretching and straining for the remote or the highly æsthetic. This accounts for such a diverting little piece as Miss I. M. Swaine's 'Epitaph to Myself,' with something very like the O. Henry 'snapper' at the end. Perhaps if O. Henry had written poems, one of them would have been like this: —

Here lives Ida, stiff and staid,
Soon to be a stern old maid,
Stupid, stale, and much decayed,
Past the power of human aid,
In the tomb herself hath made,
Where lie all the flowers that fade,
All the hopes of youth, delayed,
All the tunes she sang or played,
All the pictures old and bad,
That once made her young heart glad.
Here she lies, but do not weep,
For she only lies asleep.

Mr. Harold Monro, editor of the *Chapbook* and proprietor of the Poetry Bookshop, is a sworn foe of the literary 'climber.' Indeed, he opened his volume on English poetry, which appeared a year or two ago, with an ironic account of the steps by which an aspirant for literary honors might construct a kind of funicular railway for himself up the steep slopes of Mount Parnassus; and now, in his verses on 'The Self-made Poet,' which appear in his magazine, he is equally scathing: —

How queer it is to think about my past,
Now that my Fame is won, and planned to last.
Oh! my first introduction — with what care
I tied my tie and brushed my youthful hair,
Washed my slim hands and polished up my Greek,
Before I called upon Sir Edmund Beeke.

These early Introductions: every Call
Was a large Stepping-Stone, now worn so small!

There is more of it in the same vein — none of it intended to be 'nice,' all of it stinging. The poetic aspirant makes numerous useful acquaintances,

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among them 'Mr. Swamp' and 'Mrs. Worde,'

> He full of taste, she one who daily brings
> Some Miracle to pass, by pulling strings,

until at length he achieves a reputation, and can reflect: —

> That all is left behind now: every stone
> Is pushed away. I, prosperous and well known,
> Patting my worthy Fame upon her back,
> Inquire, 'What, dearest lady, do you lack?'
> And she replies, 'Oh, fondest love of mine,
> Ask me to luncheon! Take me out to dine!'
> Let us enjoy our life, and, while we may,
> Make after-dinner speeches every day!

At length our pushing poet attains the dizzying heights, and counsels with his Fame, very much personified, who thus advises him: —

> 'Let us attack our rivals without fear;
> Publish more splendid volumes every year:
> Not rest contented if we cannot be
> A Classic by the age of thirty-three.'
> Then to my Fame I answer: 'You are wise
> And life is short, and everybody dies.
> I like your notion and I will not fear
> To publish a new volume every year.
> Let us sit down and write our next, my dear.'

There are half-a-dozen literary lions in London who must have roared rather uncomfortably in their cages when that appeared.

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AN AMERICAN BARD AND THE BRITISH REVIEWERS

THE comments of British critics on the English edition of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Collected Poems*, issued by Mr. Cecil Palmer, will be peculiarly interesting when they begin to appear. Mr. Robinson was recognized long ago by most Americans who love poetry as a writer of great originality and distinction, but few English critics have been sufficiently acute to discern his true rank. The verdict of the three hundred members of the American Authors' Club — a large majority of whom voted for the *Collected Poems* as the most enduring book in American literature published in 1921 — is probably worth no more, in and of itself, than most contemporary judgments; but it is typical of the best opinion in this country. One does not write 'The Man against the Sky,' or 'Richard Cory' without finding, eventually, recognition somewhere.

This particular prophet has so far garnered all his honors in his own country. England will have none of him — England, that is, as represented by her critics, most of whom have made up their minds after a very slight acquaintance with Mr. Robinson's poetry. For, although stray copies of the American edition of the *Collected Poems* are to be found in England, Mr. Robinson is known there mainly through the poems printed in the American anthologies which have lately been appearing abroad. In France, Valéry Larbaud, for one, has recognized the beauty of his work, but most English writers who have noticed him at all are obdurate. 'Duller than Wordsworth at his dullest,' proclaims *The Nation and the Athenæum* cavalierly.

Mr. Robinson has a powerful friend at court in Mr. John Drinkwater, whose own position in English poetry is quite secure by this time, and who, lecturing before that august assemblage, the Royal Society of Literature, described the American as one of the six greatest poets writing to-day. Mr. Drinkwater has written the preface to the English edition.

What will the English critics say when they read the complete poems? Is the English critical mind, once formed, made up forevermore? Or will it change?

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INTERVIEWING CHALIAPIN

'IN the old days I used to drink champagne with the Tsar's ministers and courtiers, and now I drink vodka

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with the Bolsheviki,' observed Chaliapin to the Christiania correspondent of the semiofficial Bolshevist daily, *Nakanune*, when the enterprising journalist endeavored to interview the great baritone with regard to his political leanings—and that is as near political pronouncement as the conversation came.

One subject apparently lies near to the singer's heart, for at the other end of his voyage he recurred to it in conversation with a London journalist, who thus recounts the Adventure of the Baritone and the Bootlegger in the *Sunday Times*: —

He still thinks of America largely as a land of prohibition. Again he recounted his experience on a liner, where a vendor of illicit drinks, whom he at first mistook for a spy, eventually furnished him with a certain promising-looking bottle.

The singer prepared to enjoy its contents in the privacy of his cabin, but was appalled to find a face, with round, sad eyes, regarding him intently through a window.

At this part of the story, the big man, who had punctuated the yarn with dramatic gestures, laughed his richly resonant laugh, as he explained that the face belonged to a fish, whose propelling fins, as it moved off, he cleverly imitated with his hands.

Though *Nakanune's* interviewer may not have got precisely what he went for, he did at least secure a highly amusing interview. Actor and singer, Chaliapin seems to add diplomacy to his other talents. Note the expert elusiveness of all his replies, and especially the dextrous fashion in which he proclaims himself '100 per cent Russian'—all without committing himself to any creed or any party: —

I am a Russian, and I love Russia. I love Russian art and nothing else. I do not understand anything in politics. I have not read the works of Karl Marx. I have heard that a man of that name lived some time ago, and that he wrote some interesting books, but I have not read them because if I did I should never be able to understand what he wrote. . . . Such terms as 'New Russia,' 'Old Russia,' 'Tsarist Russia,' 'Soviet Russia' sound silly to me. For me Russia is Russia and nothing else. My Russia is a Russia without any adjectives. . . . Yes, young man, you can write it down: Chaliapin loves Russia without adjectives.

As for the Bolsheviki, on my word I do not know what their theories and plans are. Somebody tried to explain to me their theories and principles, but I could not make head or tail out of them. Perhaps if I had been able to understand I should have tried to argue, should have advanced some other theories of my own. But, fortunately, I did not understand. But one theory I know and I feel: the Bolsheviki, the Soviet Government, wish Russia and the Russian people well, are out to bring welfare to the country—and therefore I have often shared home-brewed 'vodka' with Bolsheviki, and with the greatest pleasure, too. In the old days I used to drink champagne with the Tsar's ministers and courtiers, and now I drink vodka with the Bolsheviki. . . . And you see I am alive and well. . . .

Do I accept and recognize the Soviet Government? Of course I do. . . . Why, if I refused to do it then I should have to emigrate forever from Russia, and I do not want to do that.

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OLD ENGLISH DRAMATIC REVIVALS

THE Phœnix Society, which has done yeoman service to the cause of the older English drama, and which has deserved its name by the success with which many of its revivals have risen from their ashes, announces an interesting programme for the coming London theatrical season. The first old play to be revived will be Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, which is to be staged in November. Ben Jonson's famous comedy, *The Alchemist*, will be played in January, and later in the new year two other plays will be given, probably Ford's tragedy, '*Tis Pity*, and Fletcher's pastoral, *The Faithful Shepherdess*.

The Society had a very successful

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season last year, and revived a number of Elizabethan and one or two Restoration plays. Miss Sybil Thorndike, one of the ablest among modern English actresses, though unhappily but little known in America, played most of the leads. The Phœnix, however, makes no more effort to play under the star system than did the Elizabethans whose plays it revives, and hence the supporting company has been of almost uniform excellence.

London critics are invariably kind in their notices of Phœnix productions, and when they can contain no longer the bilious disposition peculiar to critics, invariably direct their worst shafts at the audiences. The number of sins that an audience at an Elizabethan revival can commit against a critic's ideas of proper deportment is incredible.

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THE NOVELS OF CHILE

CHILEAN novelists are much like those in other parts of the world, if we may credit the account of them given by a critic in the *South Pacific Mail*, except that their novels, even the most successful, do not run into such imposing editions as the best sellers in other portions of the globe. The Chilean critic complains that the young novel-writers of his country take an unholy pleasure in shocking their elders, and he laments their tendency to lay undue emphasis upon the rôle of sex in human relationships. All these criticisms, somehow, have a familiar ring about them.

'We can safely say,' he goes on, 'that at least ninety-five per cent of our novels are composed on a theme of intensely passionate and unfortunate love affairs' — in which again, though allowances must be made for the Latin temperament, no tremendous gulf appears to yawn between certain modern English and American novelists, and their Spanish-American brethren. One of the most talented Chilean novelists is said to write with the avowed intent 'to make his study as revolting as possible,' and his success is such as to make Zola seem pale and tame. And here again —

Chile appears to be a place where nobody works for money — in literature at least — and a good many do not even work for fame, but just for the joy of the working. Whether they contrive to draw the thing as they see it for the God of Things as They Are, the Chilean critic does not inform us. Some write from vanity, some because they think they have a message to deliver, some because the creative urge flames in their bosoms. All, however, write. When a newspaper offered a prize for the best novel, a hundred and fifty manuscripts were sent in. Yet our critic avers that the novel is not the most common literary vehicle in Chile, and that the reading public for home-made fiction is very small.

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BOOKS ABROAD

In Greece: Journeys by Mountain and Valley, by Daniel Baud-Bovy and F. Boissonnas. With a Preface by Théophile Homolle, Director of the Musées Nationaux de France. Translated from the French by Charles Frederic Hardy. With 126 illustrations in photogravure. Printed on hand-made cartridge paper, and bound in folded wrappers. London: Hedley W. Lewis, 1922. 12 pounds.

[*Morning Post*]

THIS tall folio, a triumph of the printer's art, owed its birth to the whim of an Englishman, a fervent admirer of Byron and the places loved or made famous by him. He wished to possess a view of Parnassus taken by telephote from above the Gulf of Corinth. M. Boissonnas joyfully seized the opportunity of showing a fellow traveler the land of the Hellenic heroes, and out of this arrangement was evolved a picturesque journey, the record of which is the result of a most fortunate and happy collaboration.

M. Baud-Bovy, who has limited his functions to dealing with the subjects selected for photographing by M. Boissonnas, sets down his impressions: a sunset, a beautiful tree, a lonely column silhouetted against the evening sky, a detail of costume, the gesture of a herdsman. Always he gets the most exquisite and intangible characteristic of Greek landscapes — the effect of light. . . . When we see his pictures of a shepherd with his flock, or girls coming from the fountain, hand on hip and pitcher on shoulder, or the Corfiotes of Gastouri, who seem to have descended from a painted Attic vase, we are back to that Hellas which is both the oldest and the youngest of all — the undying land which still breeds immortal things, the beauty of the morning of life, and the beauty of the evening thereof.

The Macedonian Campaign, by Luigi Villari. London: Fisher Unwin, 1922. 25*s*.

[*Saturday Review*]

MR. VILLARI, who bears a name well known alike to English and Italian readers, was certainly the right man in the right place when he was appointed a liaison officer at Saloniki. He now publishes an excellent English version — with certain modifications and additions — of the Italian work in which he recently told his fellow countrymen about the fine performance of their contingent in the Macedonian campaign. It is a useful and unpretentious contribution to the history of the recent war, and gives the best general account which we have yet seen of the operations of the Allied forces in the Saloniki salient.

The Heart of Arabia, by H. St. J. B. Philby. London: Constable, 1922. 2 vols. 63*s*.

[*Saturday Review*]

TOWARD the end of 1917, when the war seemed still far from approaching a decision, a British Mission was sent from Bagdad into Central Arabia to explore the possibilities of coöperation between the Arabs in that region and the Allies. The particular enemy to be attacked was, of course, the Turk, and the British almost exclusively represented the Allies. . . .

In his book, which is excellently illustrated with photographs and maps, Mr. Philby gives not only an account of this Mission, but a great deal of information which is new and interesting about Central Arabia. Incidentally, much fresh light is thrown upon the Arab problem. The British people have not yet realized that Britain has in effect turned Arabia into a Protectorate; yet such is the truth, however it may be concealed. This being so, Mr. Philby's intimate descriptions of the Arabs in their various relations, political, religious, and economic, deserve to be read and studied.

William Hazlitt, by P. P. Howe. London: Martin Secker, 1922. 24*s*.

[W. L. Courtney in the *Daily Telegraph*]

MR. P. P. HOWE in his recently published book, *William Hazlitt*, has undoubtedly undertaken what is to him a labor of love. The life of Hazlitt has been declared to be 'rather imperfectly known,' and his latest editor has been able to fill up a good many lacunæ, as well as to supply a certain amount of new material in the shape of correspondence. But in a certain sense the book is a disappointment. Perhaps it was inevitable that a man who set himself to record with as much fullness as was possible all the details of Hazlitt's career should be somewhat overpowered by his material. If all we want is an admirably equipped book of reference, Mr. Howe has given it to us. But if we want a close study of the great critic and miscellaneous writer as exhibited in his various works, then we cannot find precisely that for which we are in search.

[*Morning Post*]

MR. HOWE has rendered a signal service to his generation and to biographical literature. He has given us the first really complete and coherent life of William Hazlitt — one who must

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always be reckoned among the great masters of English prose. The task could not have been better done. Its proportion is admirable, and its method — that of presenting the narrative, as far as possible, in the words of the actual witnesses to the facts — has the advantage of giving a vivid picture, not only of Hazlitt, but of the circle in which he moved. The life of Hazlitt, which, as Mr. Howe declares, is rather imperfectly known, is well worth studying for its own sake; but it has the additional value of affording another insight into one of the richest and most interesting periods of English political and literary history.

Tex: A Chapter in the Life of Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, by Stephen McKenna. London: Thornton Butterworth, 1922. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Spectator*]

BIOGRAPHY, though not generally recognized as such, is one of the most subjective of the arts. The biographer must clothe the lay figure before presenting it to the public, and the costume must be furnished from his own wardrobe. This difficulty is avoided to some extent by Mr. McKenna by means of the letters he received from his friend, and Teixeira de Mattos appears for a good deal of the time in his own garments. Though the larger part of the book consists of these letters, Mr. McKenna's comment serves the same purpose as the small circle representing the earth sometimes placed beside photographs of Neptune or Saturn to enable us to grasp the relative magnitude of these orbs, for we receive by contrast the impression of a very rare character lost to us.

Practising the rather thankless art of translation with all the devotion of an original artist, Mattos applied the same naturally fine discrimination to the affairs of life as to the selection of an equivalent word. He was a dandy who stood a little back from the highroad of life, but he did not remonstrate with those who made it terrible, as well as hideous, with the chars-à-bancs of modern vulgarities. His weapon was subtler, a pungent but not poisonous wit; or for his friend — and Mr. McKenna is brave enough to show himself under correction — a charming, elder-brotherly reproof. Such an elder brother many have not been blessed with, who would so tactfully distract his younger's attention from the maid Banality, whose too ample charms proffer temptation to repose.

In such a position the normal Englishman would find it hard to balance himself between priggishness and an unpleasant laxity. There was no such difficulty for Mattos, in whose character — and this was partly, no doubt, a racial inheritance — right choice, or as we should say, good taste, was instinctive; he had no need of the conventions, the little tricks of manner and abbreviations he often mocks, by which the snob recognizes the book, the person, or the idea that may be welcomed as one of us. Mr. McKenna's account of his six years' friendship arouses our appetite for a full-length portrait from one who knew him, not better, but with the fullness of long association.

Poems by Isaac Rosenberg. Gordon Bottomley, Editor. London: Heinemann, 1922. 6*s.*

[*Spectator*]

MR. ISAAC ROSENBERG'S story is that of one of the many young men of promise who were killed in the war. All such histories are tragic, but that of Mr. Rosenberg has a particular individual poignancy. He was a Jew from Whitechapel, and the whole of his life was one long frustration of the æsthetic impulse. He was an able draughtsman, and sympathetic coreligionists gave him the means to learn at the Slade; but though he enjoyed this work, and followed it because he thought he saw there a means of earning a livelihood, poetry was his true vocation, and therefore even in what should have been a joyful release into a world of art he was still pulled by the desire or a different sort of expression. Just when, with the help of Mr. Gordon Bottomley and Mr. Edward Marsh, he was freeing himself, and beginning to realize that this pull in his nature toward poetic expression represented a genuine vocation, his health gave way, and no sooner was his body more or less patched up and ready for work again than the war came and he was once more frustrated.

He was killed in action, in March 1918, having done work full of imperfection, but with the unmistakable stamp of genius on it, and having left to his friends the memory of a strong and subtle personality which could have made powerful use of a growing mastery of technique and of the mediumistic qualities of inspiration.

But the reader must not go away with the impression that Rosenberg's poems are not good, judged as detached phenomena. Several of them are very good indeed, but with any reasonable human luck Rosenberg might have become a great deal more than that.

[A poem from this book appears on 'A Page of Verse.']

BOOKS MENTIONED

JURKIĆ, MIRKO. *Zavrsje.* Agram: Matica Hrvatska. 15*kr.*

LIOU TA (RWO-KONG). *Si-tsiu Ta-Kwan.* Édition du Tsiao-trong trou chou. Shanghai, 1918.

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"Intensely stimulating."—Eugene O'Neill

STEEL

THE DIARY OF A FURNACE WORKER

By Charles Rumford Walker

STEEL is the basic American industry. It contains the most powerful financial and business combination in the world. Over half a million men are at work in America making steel. It is the most important single factor in the business barometer. It is nearly the most important factor in the labor barometer.

How do men live and work who perform the work of steel for America?
What is the twenty-four-hour shift like?
How do the workers feel about the twelve-hour day?
How does the steel worker's life differ from men whose working day is shorter?

READ "STEEL"

On his return from service overseas, Mr. Walker went to work on the "open-hearth furnace," to learn the steel business. He worked on the "clean-up gang" in the "pit," as third-helper on the open-hearth, in the cast house, on the stove gang and as hot-blast man on the blast furnace.

The book is simply the record of a man's life which attempts to prove no thesis, and advance no kind of "ism." It may be read as an intensely human story of a young man's experience among the rough and tumble laboring jobs at the bottom of a steel mill—as a story of "men and things." But the background is an accurate picture of the actual working conditions which Americans and Hunkies alike share in America's greatest industry.

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